1508 | 138.

THE BROTHERS:

A COMEDY.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By W. Cumberland.

Nam ni dixerint ea, quae adoleſcentuli
Probent, ſoli in theatris relinquentur.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 JUL 60

TO

HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

My Lord,

I Begg leave to recommend a trifling performance to Your notice; nothing but my venturing to approach Your Grace, on this occaſion, without introduction, could excuſe my addreſſing you without a name: by this kind of ſophiſtry, my Lord, we that ſet-up for Poets attempt to palliate one preſumption by another. As I have ſtrong temptations to plead for the honor I now aſſume, ſo, I hope, I am not totally without pretenſions to it. As an humble ſon of that Alma Mater, who has now beſtowed on Your Grace the moſt honorable adoption, which maternal approbation had to give, I

flatter myſelf that I ſtand in ſome degree of alliance to you; and, if there be any thing in theſe ſcenes that deſerves the name of Genius, I am happy in acquainting the world that I drew it from the ſame fountain, and, nearly, at the ſame period, with Your Grace; though not in the ſame proportion.

As I only ſeek, by this offering, to amuſe a leiſure-hour, I have no right either to ſpeak to Your Grace, or of Your Grace, as a Miniſter. Nevertheleſs, my Lord, in theſe ill-tempered times, I muſt be allowed to ſay, that there is ſome merit when your fortune needs no addition, and your rank cannot receive any, in ſtanding-forth the ſervant and the ſufferer of your country: I ſay the ſufferer, my Lord; becauſe, in your ſtation, you have to combat not only the envy, but the ingratitude of mankind.

In times of peace, the Muſes, more eſpecially, look for protection at the thrones of Princes, and in the cloſets of Miniſters. In ſeaſons of public tranquillity, when good order and good humour obtain in a nation, the great may find an ear even for ſuch trifles as I now lay before You. Did theſe times,

my Lord, anſwer that Deſcription, I ſhould have much to ſay to Your Grace on the Subject of the Stage, ſo applicable to noble uſes, and of the low ebb at which Genius now ſtands, ſo much in need of cultivation; but theſe are topicks too harmonious for an æra that ſeems to delight in diſcord; and all the merit I can claim with Your Grace and the public is, that, at a time when all other anonymous writers have been ſcattering the ſeeds of diſcontent and diſturbance, I have uſed my beſt endeavours in the following ſcenes to lead ſuch of my countrymen, as have attended their repreſentation, into a ſhort paroxyſm of complacency and good humour. I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

YOUR GRACE's moſt obedient

And moſt humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

VARIOUS the Shifts of Authors now-a-days,
For Operas, Farces, Pantomimes, and Plays;
Some ſcour each Alley of the Town for Wit,
Begging from Door to Door, the offal Bit;
Plunge in each Cellar, tumble every Stall,
And ſcud, like Taylors, to each *Houſe of Call*;
Gut every Novel, ſtrip each Monthly Muſe,
And pillage Poet's Corner of its News:
That done, they melt the ſtale Farrago down,
And ſet their Diſh of Scraps before the Town;
Boldly invite you to their pilfer'd Store,
Cram you, then wonder you can eat no more!

Some, in our *Engliſh* Claſſicks deeply read,
Ranſack the Tombs of the illuſtrious Dead;
Hackney the Muſe of *Shakeſpeare*, o'er and o'er,
From Shoulder to the Flank, all drench'd in Gore.

Others to foreign Climes and Kingdoms roam,
To ſearch for what is better found at Home:
The recreant Bard, oh! ſcandal to the Age!
Gleans the vile refuſe of the Gallic Stage.

Not ſo our Bard;—To-night, he bids me ſay,
You ſhall receive and judge an *Engliſh* Play.
From no Man's Jeſt he draws ſelonious praiſe,
Nor from his Neighbour's Garden crops his Bays;
From his own Breaſt the filial Story flows;
And the free Scene no foreign Maſter knows:
Nor only tenders he his Work as new;
He hopes 'tis good, or wou'd not give it You:
True homely ware, and made of homely ſtuff,
Right *Britiſh* Drugget, honeſt, warm, and rough.
No ſtation'd Friends he ſeeks, no hir'd applauſe;
But conſtitutes you Jurors in his Cauſe.
For Fame he writes;——Shou'd Folly be his doom,
Weigh well your Verdict, and then give it home:
Shou'd you applaud, let that Applauſe be true;
For, undeſerv'd, it ſhames both him and you.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

WHO but has ſeen the celebrated ſtrife,
Where *Reynolds* calls the Canvaſs into Life;
And, 'twixt the Tragic and the comic Muſe,
Courted of both, and dubious where to chuſe,
Th' immortal Actor ſtands?—Here we eſpy
An awful Figure, pointing to the Sky;
A grave, ſublime, commanding Form ſhe bears;
And in her Zone an unſheath'd Dagger wears.
On t'other Side, with ſweet, attractive Mien,
The playful Muſe of Comedy is ſeen:
She, with a thouſand ſoft, bewitching Smiles,
Miſtreſs of Love, his yielding Heart beguiles;
(For, where's the Heart ſo harden'd, to withſtand
The fond Compulſion of ſo fair a Hand?)
Oh! would ſhe be here beſtow thoſe winning Arts!
This Night we'd fix her Empire in your Hearts;
No tragic Paſſions ſhou'd deface the Age,
But all ſhou'd catch good Humour from the Stage:
The ſtorming Huſband, and imperious Wife,
Shou'd learn the Doctrine of a quiet Life;
The plodding Drudge ſhou'd here at Times reſort,
And leave his ſtupid Club, and ſtummy Port;
The penſive Politician, who foreſees
Clouds, Storms, and Tempeſts, in the Calms of Peace;
The ſcribbling Tribe, who vent their angry Spleens
In Songs, Prints, Pamphlets, Papers, Magazines;
Lucius, and *Anti-Lucius*, Pro's and Con's,
The Liſt of Placets, and of Placet-nons;
The mobbing Vulgar, and the ruling Great,
And all who ſtorm, and all who ſteer the State;
Here ſhould forget the Labours of the Day,
And laugh their Cares, and their Complaints away:
The Wretch of *Jonathan*'s, who cruſh'd with Shame,
Crawls lamely out from *India*'s deſp'rate game,
Safely might ſpeculate within theſe Walls;
For, here, while you approve, Stock never falls:
Pleas'd, then, indulge the Efforts of To-night,
Nor grudge to give, if you've receiv'd, delight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Benjamin Dove,	Mr. Yates.
Belfield Senior,	Mr. Clarke.
Belfield Junior,	Mr. Smith.
Captain Ironſides,	Mr. Woodward.
Skiff, Maſter of the Privateer,	Mr. Quick.
Paterſon,	Mr. Dyer.
Old Goodwin, a Fiſherman,	Mr. Hull.
Philip, his Son,	Mr. Benſley.
Francis, Servant to Belfield Junior,	Mr. Perry
Jonathan, Servant to Sir Benjamin,	Mr. Dunſtall.

WOMEN.

Lady Dove,	Mrs. Green.
Sophia, Sir Benjamin's Daughter,	Mrs. Yates.
Violetta, Wife to Belfield Senior,	Mrs. Bulkley.
Fanny Goodwin,	Miſs Ward.
Lucy Waters,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Kitty, Lady Dove's Maid,	Miſs Valois.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 JUL

SAILORS, *&c. &c.*

SCENE, *The Sea-Coaſt of* CORNWALL.

THE BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A rocky ſhore, with a fiſherman's cabbin in the cliff: a violent tempeſt with thunder and lightning: a ſhip diſcover'd ſtranded on the coaſt. The characters enter after having look'd out of their cabbin, as if waiting for the abatement of the ſtorm.

GOODWIN, PHILIP, FANNY.

PHILIP.

IT blows a rank ſtorm; 'tis well, father, we haul'd the boat aſhore before the weather came on; ſhe's ſafe beſtow'd, however, let what will happen.

GOODWIN.

Ay, Philip, we had need be provident: except that poor ſkiff, my child, what have we left in this world that we can call our own?

PHILIP.

To my thoughts, now, we live as happily, in this poor hut, as we did yonder in the great houſe, when you were 'ſquire Belfield's principal tenant, and as topping a farmer as any in the whole county of Cornwall.

GOODWIN.

Ah, child!——

PHILIP.

Nay, never droop; to be ſure, father, the 'ſquire has dealt hardly with you; and a mighty point, truly, he has gain'd; the ruin of an honeſt man. If thoſe are to be the uſes of a great eſtate, Heaven continue me what I am!

FANNY.

Ay, ay, brother, a good conſcience in a coarſe drugget is better than an aching heart in a ſilken gown.

GOODWIN.

Well, children, well, if you can bear misfortunes patiently, 'twere an ill office for me to repine; we have long till'd the earth for a ſubſiſtence; now, Philip, we muſt plough the ocean; in thoſe waves lies our harveſt; there, my brave lad, we have an equal inheritance with the beſt.

PHILIP.

True, father, the ſea, that feeds us, provides us an habitation here in the hollow of the cliff; I truſt, the 'ſquire will exact no rent for this dwelling:——Alas! that ever two brothers ſhould have been ſo oppoſite as our mercileſs landlord, and the poor young gentleman they ſay is now dead.

GOODWIN.

Sirrah, I charge you, name not that unhappy youth to me any more; I was endeavouring to forget him and his misfortunes, when the ſight of that veſſel in diſtreſs brought him afreſh to my remembrance; for, it ſeems, he periſhed by ſea; the more ſhame upon him, whoſe cruelty and injuſtice drove him thither; but, come—the wind lulls apace; lett us launch the boat, and make a trip to yonder veſſel; if we can aſſiſt in light'ning her, perhaps, ſhe may ride it out.

PHILIP.

'Tis to no purpoſe; the crew are coming on ſhore in their boat, I ſaw them enter the creek.

GOODWIN.

Did you ſo? then do you and your ſiſter ſtep into the cabbin; make a good fire, and provide ſuch fiſh and other ſtores as you have within: I will go down and meet them; whoever they may be, that have ſuffer'd this misfortune on our coaſts, lett us remember, children, never to regard any man as an enemy, who ſtands in need of our protection. [*Exit.*

PHILIP.

I'm ſtrongly tempted to go down to the creek too; if father ſhould light on any miſchief!—well, for once in my life, I'll diſobey him; ſiſter, you can look to matters

within doors; I'll go round by the point, and be there as ſoon as he.

FANNY.

Do ſo, Philip; 'twill be beſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

GOODWIN *re-enters, follow'd by* FRANCIS *and ſeveral ſailors carrying goods and cheſts from the wreck.*

GOODWIN.

This way, my friends, this way; there's ſtowage enough within for all your goods.

FRANCIS.

Come, bear a hand, my brave lads, there's no time to loſe; follow that honeſt man, and ſet down your cheſts where he directs you.

SAILOR.

Troth I care not how ſoon I'm quitt of mine; 'tis plaguy heavy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Other SAILORS *enter.*

FIRST SAILOR.

Here's a pretty ſpot of work! plague on't, what a night has this been! I thought this damn'd lee-ſhore wou'd catch us at laſt.

SECOND SAILOR.

Why 'twas unpoſſible to claw her off; well, there's an end of her!—The charming Sally Privateer!—Poor ſoul; a better ſea-boat never ſwam upon the ſalt ſea.

THIRD SAILOR.

I knew we ſhou'd have no luck after we took-up that woman there, from the packet that ſunk along ſide us.

FIRST SAILOR.

What, Madam Violetta, as they call her? why, 'tis like enough;—But, huſh, here comes our captain's nephew; he's a brave lad and a ſeaman's friend, and, between you and me, (*boatſwain's whiſtle*)—But, hark, we are call'd;—Come along. [*Exeunt ſailors.*

SCENE IV.

BELFIELD JUNIOR, and FRANCIS.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

That ever fortune ſhou'd caſt us upon this coaſt! Francis.

FRANCIS.

Sir!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Have the people landed thoſe cheſts we brought off with us in the boat?

FRANCIS.

They have, Sir; an old fiſherman, whom we met, has ſhewn us here to a cavern in the cliff, where we have ſtow'd them all in ſafety.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

That's well. Where's my uncle?

FRANCIS.

On-board; no perſuaſions can prevail on him to quit the ſhip, which, he ſwears, will lift with the tide; his old crony, the maſter, is with him, and they ply the caſks ſo briſkly, that it ſeems a moot point, which fills the faſteſt, they, or the wreck.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Strange inſenſibility! but you muſt bring him off by force, then, if there is no other way of ſaving him; I think o'my conſcience he is as indifferent to danger as the plank he treads on; we are now thrown upon my unnatural brother's eſtate; that houſe, Francis, which you ſee to the left, is his; and what may be the conſequence if he and my uncle ſhou'd meet, I know not; for, ſuch has been Captain Ironſides' reſentment on my account, that he has declared war againſt the very name of Belfield; and, in one of his whimſical paſſions, you know, inſiſted on my laying it aſide for ever; ſo that, hitherto, I have been known on-board by no other name than that of Lewſon.

FRANCIS.

'Tis true, Sir; and I think 'twill be adviſable to continue the diſguiſe as long as you can. As for the old captain, from the life he always leads on ſhore, and his impatience to get on-board again, I think 'tis very poſſible

an interview between him and your brother may be prevented.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I think ſo too. Go then, Francis, and conduct the old gentleman hither; I ſee Violetta coming.

[*Exit Francis.*

Sure, there is ſomething in that woman's ſtory uncommonly myſterious!—Of Engliſh parents;—born in Liſbon;—her family and fortune buried in the earthquake:—ſo much ſhe freely tells; but more, I am convinc'd, remains untold, and of a melancholy ſort: ſhe has once or twice, as I thought, ſeem'd diſpos'd to unboſom herſelf to me; but it is ſo painful to be told of ſorrows one hasn't power to relieve, that I have hitherto avoided the diſcourſe.

SCENE V.

BELFIELD JUNIOR, VIOLETTA.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Well, Madam, melancholy ſtill? ſtill that face of ſorrow and deſpair? twice ſhipwreck'd, and twice reſcued from the jaws of death, do you regret your preſervation? and have I incur'd your diſpleaſure by prolonging your exiſtence?

VIOLETTA.

Not ſo, Mr. Lewſon; ſuch ingratitude be far from me! can I forget, when the veſſel, in which I had ſail'd from Portugal, founder'd by your ſide, with what noble, what benevolent ardour you flew to my aſſiſtance? regardful only of my ſafety, your own ſeem'd no part of your care.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Oh, no more of this; the preſervation of a fellow-creature is as natural as ſelf-defence: you now, for the firſt time in your life, breathe the air of England;—a rough reception it has given you; but be not, therefore, diſcourag'd; our hearts, Violetta, are more acceſſible than our ſhores; nor can you find inhoſpitality in Britain, ſave in our climate only.

VIOLETTA.

Theſe characteriſticks of the Engliſh may be juſt; I take my eſtimate from a leſs favourable example.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Villany, Madam, is the growth of every ſoil; nor can I, while yonder habitation is in my view, forget that England has given birth to monſters that diſgrace humanity; but this I will ſay for my countrymen, that, where you can point-out one raſcal with a heart to wrong you, I will produce fifty honeſt fellows ready and reſolute to redreſs you.

VIOLETTA.

Ah!—But on what part of the Engliſh coaſt is it that we are now landed?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

On the coaſt of Cornwall.

VIOLETTA.

Of Cornwall is it? You ſeem to know the owner of that houſe; are you well acquainted with the country hereabouts?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Intimately; it has been the cradle of my infancy, and, with little interruption, my reſidence ever ſince.

VIOLETTA.

You are amongſt your friends, then, no doubt; how fortunate is it, that you will have their conſolation and aſſiſtance in your diſtreſs!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Madam——

VIOLETTA.

Every moment will bring them down to the very ſhores; this brave, humane, this hoſpitable, people will flock, in crouds, to your relief; your friends, Mr. Lewſon—

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

My friends, Violetta!—muſt I confeſs it to you, I have no friends!—thoſe rocks, that have thus ſcatter'd my treaſures, thoſe waves, that have devour'd them, to me are not ſo fatal as hath been that man, whom Nature meant to be my neareſt friend!

VIOLETTA.

What, and are you a fellow-ſufferer, then? is this the way you reconcile me to your nation? are theſe the friends of humankind? why don't we fly from this ungenerous, this ungrateful country?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Hold, Madam; one villain, however baſe, can no more involve a whole nation, in his crimes, than one example, however dignified, can inſpire it with his virtues: thank Heaven, the worthleſs owner of that manſion is yet without a rival.

VIOLETTA.

You have twice directed my attention to that houſe; 'tis a lovely ſpot; what pity that ſo delicious a retirement ſhould be made the reſidence of ſo undeſerving a being!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

It is, indeed, a charming place, and was once the ſeat of hoſpitality and honour; but its preſent poſſeſſor, Andrew Belfield —— Madam, for Heaven's ſake, what ails you? you ſeem ſuddenly diſorder'd!—— Have I ſaid——

VIOLETTA.

No, 'tis nothing; don't regard me, Mr. Lewſon, I am weak and ſubject to theſe ſurpriſes; I ſhall be glad, however, to retire.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

A little repoſe I hope will relieve you; within this hut ſome accommodation may be found; lean on my arm.

[*Leads her to the door of the cabbin.*

SCENE VI.

GOODWIN, BELFIELD JUNIOR.

GOODWIN.

Heaven defend me! do my eyes deceive me? 'tis wond'rous like his ſhape, his air, his look!——

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

What is your aſtoniſhment, friend? Do you know me? If it was not for that habit, I ſhou'd ſay your name is Goodwin.

GOODWIN.

'Tis he; he is alive! my dear young maſter, Mr. Belfield! Yes, Sir, my name is Goodwin: however chang'd my appearance, my heart is ſtill the ſame, and overflows with joy at this unexpected meeting.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Give me thy hand, my old, my honeſt friend; and is this ſorry hole thy habitation?

GOODWIN.

It is.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

The world, I ſee, has frown'd on thee ſince we parted.

GOODWIN.

Yes, Sir: but what are my misfortunes? you muſt have undergone innumerable hardſhips! and now, at laſt, ſhipwrecked on your own coaſt! Well, but your veſſel is not totally loſt, and we will work night and day in ſaving your effects.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Oh, as for that, the ſea gave all, let it take back a part; I have enough on ſhore not to envy my brother his fortune. But there is one bleſſing, maſter Goodwin, I own I ſhould grudge him the poſſeſſion of!—There was a young lady——

GOODWIN.

What, Sir, hav'n't you forgot Miſs Sophia?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Forgot her! my heart trembles while I aſk you, if ſhe is indeed, as you call her, Miſs Sophia?

GOODWIN.

She is yet unmarried, tho' every day we expect——

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

'Tis enough; Fortune, I acquitt thee! Happy be the winds that threw me on this coaſt, and bleſt the rocks that receiv'd me! Let my veſſel go to pieces; ſhe has done her part in bearing me hither, while I can caſt myſelf at the feet of my Sophia, recount to her my unabaiting paſſion, and have one fair ſtruggle for her heart! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

VIOLETTA alone.

VIOLETTA.

Once more I am alone. How my heart ſunk when Lewſon pronounced the name of Belfield! it muſt be he, it muſt be my falſe, cruel, yet (ſpite of all my wrongs) beloved, huſband: yes, there he lives! each circumſtance confirms it; Cornwall, the county; here the ſea-coaſt, and theſe white craggy cliffs; there the diſpoſition of his ſeat; the grove, lake, lawn; every feature of the landſcape

tallies with the deſcriptions he has given me of it. What ſhall I do, and to whom ſhall I complain? When Lewſon ſpoke of him, it was with a bitterneſs that ſhock'd me; I will not diſcloſe myſelf to him; by what fell from him I ſuſpect he is related to Mr. Belfield:—But, hush, I talk to theſe rocks, and forget that they have ears.

Enters FANNY.

FANNY.

Are you any better, Madam? is the air of any ſervice to you?

VIOLETTA.

I am much reliev'd by it: the beauty of that place attracted my attention, and, if you pleaſe, we will walk further up the hill to take a nearer view of it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Part of the crew enter with IRONSIDES, *and* SKIFF *in the midſt of them.*

OMNES.

Huzza, huzza, huzza!

FIRST SAILOR.

Long life to your honour! welcome aſhore, noble captain!

SECOND SAILOR.

Avaſt there, Jack; ſtand clear and let his old honour paſs; bleſs his heart, he looks cheerly howſomever; let the world wag as it will, he'll never flinch!

THIRD SAILOR.

Not he; he's true Engliſh oak to the heart of him; and a fine old ſeaman-like figure he is!

IRONSIDES.

Ah, meſſmates, we're all a-ground: I have been taking a parting cup with the charming Sally;—She's gone; but the ſtouteſt bark muſt have an end; maſter, here, and I, did all we cou'd to lighten her; we took leave of her in an officer-like manner.

FIRST SAILOR.

Hang ſorrow; we know the worſt on't, 'tis only taking a freſh cruiſe; and for my part, I'll ſail with Captain Ironſides as far as there's water to carry me.

OMNES.

So will we all.

IRONSIDES.

Say ye ſo, my hearts; if the wind ſits that way, hoiſt ſail, ſay I; old George will make one amongſt you, if that be all; I hate an idle life.——So, ſo: away to your work: to-morrow we'll make a day on't.

[*Exeunt ſailors.*

SCENE IX.

IRONSIDES, SKIFF.

IRONSIDES.

Skiff.

SKIFF.

Here, your honour.

IRONSIDES.

I told you, Skiff, how 'twou'd be, if you had luff'd up in time, as I wou'd have had you, and not made ſo free with the land, this miſhap had never come to paſs.

SKIFF.

Lord love you, Captain Ironſides, 'twas a barrel of beef to a biſcuit, the wind had not ſhifted ſo direct contrary, as it did; who cou'd have thought it?

IRONSIDES.

Why I cou'd have thought it; every body cou'd have thought it: do you conſider where abouts you are, mun? upon the coaſt of England, as I take it. Every thing here goes contrary both by ſea and land;——Every thing whips, and chops, and changes about, like mad, in this country; and the people, I think, are as full of vagaries as the climate.

SKIFF.

Well, I cou'd have ſworn——

IRONSIDES.

Ay, ſo you cou'd, Skiff, and ſo you did, pretty roundly too; but for the good you did by it, you might as well have puff'd a whiff of tobacco in the wind's face.

SKIFF.

Well, Captain, tho' we have loſt our ſhip, we hav'n't loſt our all: thank the fates, we've ſav'd treaſure enough to make all our fortunes notwithſtanding.

IRONSIDES.

Fortunes, quotha? what have two ſuch old weather-beaten fellows as thee and I are to do with fortune? or, indeed, what has fortune to do with us? Flip, and tobacco, is the only luxury we have any reliſh for; had we fine houſes, could we live in 'em? a greaſy hammock has been our birth for theſe fifty years; fine horſes, cou'd we ride em? and, as for the fair ſex there, that my nephew makes ſuch a pother about, I don't know what thou may'ſt think of the matter, Skiff, but, for my own part, I ſhould not care if there were no ſuch animals in the creation.

SCENE X.

IRONSIDES, SKIFF, *and* BELFIELD JUNIOR.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Uncle; what cheer, man?

IRONSIDES.

Oh, Bob, is it thee? whither bound now, my dear boy?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Why, how can you aſk ſuch a queſtion? We have landed our treaſure, ſav'd all our friends, and ſet foot upon Engliſh ground; and what buſineſs, think you, can a young fellow like me have, but one?

IRONSIDES.

Pſhaw, you're a fool, Bob; theſe wenches will be the undoing of you; a plague of 'em altogether, ſay I; what are they good for, but to ſpoil company, and keep brave fellows from their duty? o'my conſcience, they do more miſchief to the king's navy in one twelve-month, than the French have done in ten; a pack of—but I ha' done with 'em; thank the ſtars I ha' fairly waſh'd my hands of 'em, I ha' nothing to ſay to none of 'em.

SKIFF.

Mercy be good unto us! that my wife cou'd but hear your worſhip talk.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Oh, my dear uncle!——

IRONSIDES.

But I'll veer away no more good advice after you; ſo even drive as you will under your petticoat-ſails;—black, brown, fair, or tawny, 'tis all fiſh that comes in your net:

why, where's your reaſon, Bob, all this here while? where's your religion, and be damn'd to you?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Come, come, my dear uncle, a truce to your philoſophy. Go, throw your dollars into yonder ocean and bribe the tempeſt to be ſtill, you ſhall as ſoon reverſe the operations of Nature, as wean my heart from my Sophia.

IRONSIDES.

Hold, hold, take me right; if, by Sophia, you mean the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, I don't care if I make one with you; what ſay'ſt thou, boy, ſhall it be ſo?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

So, then, you think there may be one good woman, however?

IRONSIDES.

Juſt as I think there may be one honeſt Dutchman, one ſober German, or one righteous methodiſt. Look'e, Bob, ſo I do but keep ſingle, I have no objection to other people's marrying; but, on theſe occaſions, I wou'd manage myſelf, as I wou'd my ſhip; not be running her into every odd creek and cranny in the ſmuggling faſhion, as if I had no good credentials to produce; but play fairly, and in ſight, d'ye ſee; and, whenever a ſafe harbour opens, ſtand boldly in, boy, and lay her up ſnug, in a good birth, once for all.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Come, then, uncle, let us about it, and you may greatly favour my enterprize, ſince you can keep the father and mother in play, while I——

IRONSIDES.

Avaſt, young man, avaſt; the father, if you pleaſe, without the mother; Sir Benjamin's a paſſable good companion for a land-man; but, for my lady,——I'll have nothing to ſay to my lady; ſhe's his wife, thank the ſtars, and not mine!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Be it as you will; I ſhall be glad of your company on any terms.

IRONSIDES.

Say no more then. About ſhip; if you are bound for that port, I'm your mate: maſter, look to the wreck; I'm for a freſh cruize. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The outside of SIR BENJAMIN DOVE'S *house.*

BELFIELD SENIOR, LUCY WATERS.

LUCY.

WHAT, don't I know you; hav'n't you been to me of all mankind the baseſt?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Not yet, Lucy.

LUCY.

Sure, Mr. Belfield, you won't pretend to deny it to my face!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

To thy face, child, I will not pretend that I can deny any thing; you are much too handſome to be contradicted.

LUCY.

Piſh!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

So! ſo!

LUCY.

Hav'n't you, faithleſs as you are, promiſed me marriage over and over again?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Repeatedly.

LUCY.

And you have now engaged yourſelf to the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove, have you not?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Aſſuredly.

LUCY.

Let me demand of you then, Mr. Belfield, ſince you had no honourable deſigns towards me yourſelf, why you prevented thoſe of an humbler lover, young Philip, the ſon of your late tenant, poor Goodwin?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

For the very reaſon you ſtate in your queſtion; becauſe

I had no honourable deſigns, and he had: you diſappointed my hopes, and I was reſolved to defeat his.

LUCY.

And this you thought reaſon ſufficient to expell his father from your farm; to perſecute him and his innocent family, till you had accompliſhed their ruin, and driven them to the very brink of the ocean for their habitation and ſubſiſtence?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Your queſtions, Miſs Lucy, begin to be impertinent.

LUCY.

Oh, do they touch you, Sir? but I'll waſte no more time with you; my buſineſs is with your Sophia; here, in the very ſpot which you hope to make the ſcene of your guilty triumphs, will I expoſe you to her; ſet forth your inhuman conduct to your unhappy brother; and detect the mean artifices you have been driven to, in order to diſplace him in her affections.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

You will?

LUCY.

I will, be aſſured; ſo, let me paſs.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Stay, Lucy, underſtand yourſelf a little better; did'nt you pretend to Sophia, that my brother paid his addreſſes to you; that he had pledged himſelf to marry you; nay, that he had——

LUCY.

Hold, Mr. Belfield, nor further explain a tranſaction, which, though it reflects ſhame enough upon me that was your inſtrument, ought to cover you, who was principal in the crime, with treble confuſion and remorſe.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

True, child, it was rather a diſreputable tranſaction; and 'tis therefore fit no part of it ſhould reſt with me: I ſhall diſavow it altogether.

LUCY.

Incredible confidence!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

We ſhall ſee who will meet moſt belief in the world; you or I; chuſe, therefore, your part: if you keep my ſecret, you make me your friend; if you betray it, you

have me for your enemy; and a fatal one you ſhall find me! Now enter, if you think fit, there lies your way to Sophia. [*She goes into the houſe.*] So! how am I to parry this blow?—what plea ſhall I uſe with Sophia?—'twas the ardour of my love!——any thing will find pardon with a woman, that conveys flattery to her charms.—After all, if the worſt ſhould happen, and I be defeated in this match, ſo ſhall I be ſaved from doing that, which, when done, 'tis probable I may repent of; and I have ſome intimations, from within, which tell me that it will be ſo: I perceive that, in this life, he who is check'd by the rubs of compunction, can never arrive at the ſummit of proſperity.

SCENE II.

BELFIELD SENIOR, PATERSON.

PATERSON.

What melancholy, Mr. Belfield? ſo near your happineſs, and ſo full of thought?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Happineſs, what's that?

PATERSON.

I'll tell you, Sir; the poſſeſſion of a lovely girl, with fifty thouſand pounds in her lap, and twice fifty thouſand virtues in her mind; this I call happineſs, as much as mortal man can merit: and this, as I take it, you are deſtin'd to enjoy.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

That is not ſo certain, Mr. Paterſon; wou'd you believe it, that perverſe huſſey, Lucy Waters, who left me but this minute, threatens to tranſverſe all my hopes, and is gone this inſtant to Sophia with that reſolution?

PATERSON.

Impoſſible! how is Miſs Waters provided or provoked to do this?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Why 'tis a fooliſh ſtory, and ſcarce worth relating to you; but, you know, when your letters call'd me home from Portugal, I found my younger brother in cloſe attendance on Miſs Dove; and, indeed, ſuch good uſe had the fellow made of his time in my abſence, that I found it impoſſible to counterwork his operations by fair and open

approaches; ſo, to make ſhort of the ſtory, I took this girl Lucy Waters into partnerſhip; and, by a happy device, ruin'd him with Sophia.

PATERSON.

This, Mr. Belfield, I neither know, nor wiſh to know.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Let it paſs, then; defeated in theſe views, my brother, as you know, betook himſelf to the deſperate courſe of privateering, with that old tar-barrel, my uncle: what may have been his fate, I know not, but I have found it convenient to propagate a report of his death.

PATERSON.

I am ſorry for it, Mr. Belfield; I wiſh nothing was convenient, that can be thought diſhonourable.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Nature, Mr. Paterſon, never put into any human compoſition more candour and credulity than ſhe did into mine; but acquaintance with life has ſhewn me how impracticable theſe principles are; to live with mankind, we muſt live like mankind; was it a world of honeſty, I ſhould bluſh to be a man of art.

PATERSON.

And do you dream of ever reaching your journey's end by ſuch crooked paths as theſe are?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

And, yet, my moſt ſage moraliſt, wonderful as it may ſeem to thee, true it is, notwithſtanding, that after having threaded all theſe by-ways, and crooked alleys, which thy right-lin'd apprehenſion knows nothing of; after having driven my rival from the field, and being almoſt in poſſeſſion of the ſpoil; ſtill I feel a repugnance in me that almoſt tempts me to renounce my good fortune, and abandon a victory I have ſtruggled ſo hard to obtain.

PATERSON.

I gueſs'd as much; 'tis your Violetta; 'tis your fair Portugueſe that counterworks your good fortune; and, I muſt own to you, it was principally to ſave you from that improvident attachment that I wrote ſo preſſingly for your return; but, though I have got your body in ſafe holding, your heart is ſtill at Liſbon; and, if you marry Miſs Dove, 'tis becauſe Violetta's fortune was demoliſh'd

by the earthquake, and Sir Benjamin's ſtands ſafe upon terra firma.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Pr'ythee, Paterſon, don't be too hard upon me: ſure, you don't ſuſpect that I am married to Violetta!

PATERSON.

Married to Violetta! now you grow much too ſerious, and 'tis time to put an end to the diſcourſe. [*Exit.*

BELFIELD SENIOR.

And you grow much too quick-ſighted, Mr. Paterſon, for my acquaintance. I think he does not quite ſuſpect me of double-dealing in this buſineſs; and yet I have my doubts; his reply to my queſtion was equivocal, and his departure abrupt.—I know not what to think;——This I know, that Love is a deity, and Avarice a devil; that Violetta is my lawful wife; and that Andrew Belfield is a villain! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PATERSON *paſſes over the ſtage.*

All abroad this fine day,—not a creature within doors.

Enter KITTY.

KITTY.

Mr. Paterſon! hiſt, Mr. Paterſon! a word in your ear, ſweet Sir.

PATERSON.

Curſe on't, ſhe has caught me!—Well, Mrs. Kitty.

KITTY.

Why, I've been hunting you all the houſe over; my lady's impatient to ſee you.

PATERSON.

Oh, I'm my Lady Dove's moſt obedient ſervant!—And what are her ladyſhip's commands, pray?

KITTY.

Fye, Mr. Paterſon; how ſhou'd I know what her ladyſhip wants with you? but a ſecret it is, no doubt; for, ſhe deſires you to come to her immediately in the garden, at the bottom of the yew-tree walk, next the warren.

PATERSON.

The devil ſhe does!——What a pity it is, Mrs. Kitty,

we can't cure your lady of this turn for ſolitude; I wiſh you would go with me; your company, probably, will divert her from her contemplations: beſides, I ſhall certainly miſtake the place.

KITTY.

I go with you, Mr. Paterſon! a fine thing truly: I'd have you to know that my character is not to be truſted with young fellows in yew-tree walks, whatever my lady may think of the matter!——Beſides, I've an aſſignation in another place! [*Exit.*

PATERSON.

What a deviliſh dilemma am I in! why, this is a peremptory aſſignation!—Certain it is, there are ſome ladies that no wiſe man ſhould be commonly civil to!——Here have I been flattering myſelf that I was ſtroking a termagant into humour, and all the while have been betraying a tender victim into love. Love, love, did I ſay? her ladyſhip's paſſion is a diſgrace to the name!—But, what ſhall I do?—'tis a pityful thing to run away from a victory; but 'tis frequently the caſe in precipitate ſucceſſes, we conquer more than we have wit to keep, or ability to enjoy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the yew-tree walk.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Now could I but meet my Sophia!—where can ſhe have hid herſelf?—Huſh; Lady Dove, as I live.

Enter LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

So, Mr. Paterſon, you're a pretty gentleman, to keep a lady waiting here! why, how you ſtand?—Come, come, I ſhall expect a very handſome atonement for this indecorum!—Why, what, let me look!—Ah! who have we here?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

A man, madam; and, though not your man, yet one as honeſt and as ſecret: come, come, my Lady, I'm no tell-tale; be you but grateful, this goes no further.

LADY DOVE.

Loſt and undone! young Belfield!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

The ſame; but, be not alarmed; we both have our ſecrets; I am, like you, a votary to Love: favour but my virtuous paſſion for Miſs Dove, and take you your Paterſon; I ſhall be ſilent as the grave.

LADY DOVE.

Humph!——

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Nay, never heſitate; my brother, I know, had your wiſhes: but wherein has Nature favoured him more than me? And, ſince Fortune has now made my ſcale as heavy as his, why ſhould you partially direct the beam?

LADY DOVE.

Well, if it is ſo, and that you promiſe not to betray me!——But this accident has ſo diſcompoſed me, (plague on't ſay I) don't preſs me any further at preſent; I muſt leave you; remember the condition of our agreement, and expect my friendſhip!——Oh, I could tear your eyes out!

[*Exit.*

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Well, Sir Benjamin, keep your own council if you are wiſe; I'll do as I would be done by; had I ſuch a wife as Lady Dove, I ſhould be very happy to have ſuch a friend as Mr. Paterſon.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

SOPHIA DOVE, LUCY WATERS.

LUCY.

If there is faith in woman, I have ſeen young Belfield! I have beheld his apparition; for, what elſe could it be?

SOPHIA.

How! when? where? I ſhall faint with ſurprize!

LUCY.

As I croſt the yew-tree walk, I ſaw him paſs by the head of the canal towards the houſe. Alas! poor youth, the injuries I have done him have called him from his grave.

SOPHIA.

Injuries, Miſs Waters, what injuries have you done him? Tell me; for therein, perhaps, I may be concerned!

LUCY.

Deeply concern'd you are; with the moſt penitent remorſe I confeſs it to you, that his affections to you were pure, honeſt, and ſincere. Yes, amiable Sophia, you were unrival'd in his eſteem; and I, who perſuaded you to the contrary, am the baſeſt, the falſeſt, of womankind; every ſyllable I told you of his engagements to me was a malicious invention: how cou'd you be ſo blind to your own ſuperiority, to give credit to the impoſition, and ſuffer him to depart without an explanation? Oh, that villain, that villain, his brother, has undone us all.

SOPHIA.

Villain do you call him? whither wou'd you tranſport my imagination? you hurry me with ſuch rapidity from one ſurprize to another, that I know not where to fix, how to act, or what to believe.

LUCY.

Oh, Madam, he is a villain, a moſt accompliſh'd one; and, if I can but ſnatch you from the ſnare he has ſpread for you, I hope it will, in ſome meaſure, atone for the injuries I have done to you, and to that unhappy youth, who, now——O Heavens! I ſee him again; he comes this way: I cannot endure his ſight; alive or dead, I muſt avoid him! (*Runs out.*)

SCENE VI.

SOPHIA, BELFIELD JUNIOR.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Adorable Sophia! this tranſport overpays my labours.

SOPHIA.

Sir, Mr. Belfield, is it you? Oh, ſupport me!——

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

With my life, thou loveliеſt of women! Behold your poor adventurer is returned; happy paſt compute, if his fate is not indifferent to you; rich beyond meaſure, if his ſafety is worthy your concern!

SOPHIA.

Releaſe me, I beſeech you; what have I done! Sure, you are too generous to take advantage of my confuſion.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Pardon, me, my Sophia; the advantages I take from your confuſion, are not to be purchas'd by the riches of the eaſt: I wou'd not forego the tranſport of holding you, one minute, in my arms, for all that wealth and greatneſs have to give.

SCENE VII.

LADY DOVE *enters, while* BELFIELD JUNIOR *is kneeling and embracing* SOPHIA.

LADY DOVE.

Heyday! what's here to do with you both?

SOPHIA.

Ah!——— (*Shrieks*).

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Confuſion! Lady Dove here!

LADY DOVE.

Yes, Sir, Lady Dove is here, and will take care you ſhall have no more garden-dialogues. On your knees too!——(The fellow was not half ſo civil to me). Ridiculous! a poor beggarly ſwabber, truly!—as for you, Mrs.———

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Hold, Madam, as much of your fury and foul language as you pleaſe upon me; but not one hard word againſt that lady, or by Heavens!———

LADY DOVE.

Come, Sir, none of your reprobate ſwearing, none of your ſea-noiſes here; I wou'd my firſt huſband was alive, I wou'd he was, for your ſake. I am ſurpriz'd, Miſs Dove, you have no more regard for your reputation; a delicate ſwain, truly, you have choſen, juſt thrown aſhore from the pitchy bowels of a ſhipwreck'd privateer! Go, go, get you in, for ſhame; your father ſhall know of theſe goings-on, depend on't: as for you, Sir———

[*Exit* Sophia.

SCENE VIII.

As ſhe is going out, he ſtops her.

BELFIELD JUNIOR *and* LADY DOVE.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

A word with you, Madam; is this fair dealing? What wou'd you have ſaid, if I had broke in thus upon you and Mr. Paterſon?

LADY DOVE.

Mr. Paterſon! why, you rave! what is it you mean?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Come, come, this is too ridiculous: you know your reputation is in my keeping; call to mind what paſſed between us a while ago, and the engagement you are under on that account.

LADY DOVE.

Ha! ha! ha!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Very well, truly; and you think to brave this matter out, do you?

LADY DOVE.

Moſt aſſuredly; and ſhall make Sir Benjamin call you to account, if you dare to breathe a word againſt my reputation: incorrigible coxcomb! to think I wou'd keep any terms with you after ſuch an event. Take my word for it, Belfield, you are come home no wiſer than you went out; you miſſed the only advantage you might have taken of that rencounter, and now I ſet you at defiance: take heed to what you ſay, or look to hear from Sir Benjamin.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Oh, no doubt on't; how can Sir Benjamin avoid fighting for your ſake, when your ladyſhip has ſo liberally equipp him with weapons! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IX. *A Hall.*

JONATHAN, FRANCIS.

JONATHAN.

And ſo, Sir, 'tis juſt as I tell you; every thing in this family goes according to the will of the lady: for my own part, I am one of thoſe that hate trouble; I ſwim with the ſtream, and make my place as eaſy as I can.

FRANCIS.

Your looks, Mr. Jonathan, convince me that you live at your eaſe.

JONATHAN.

I do ſo, and, therefore, (in ſpite of the old proverb, "Like maſter, like man,") you never ſaw two people more different than I and Sir Benjamin Dove. He, Lord help him, is a little peaking puling thing; I am a jolly portable man, as you ſee. It ſo happen'd that we both became widowers at the ſame time; I knew when I was well, and have continued ſingle ever ſince. He fell into the clutches of—Hark, ſure I hear my lady!——

FRANCIS.

No, it was nothing. When did the poor gentleman light upon this termagant?

JONATHAN.

Lackaday, 'twas here at the borough of Knaveſtown, when maſter had the great conteſt with 'Squire Belfield, about three years ago: her firſt huſband, Mr. Searcher, was a king's meſſenger, as they call it, and came down expreſs from a great man about court during the poll; he caught a ſurfeit, as ill-luck wou'd have it, at the election-dinner; and, before he died, his wife, that's now my lady, came down to ſee him; then it was maſter fell in love with her: egad, 'twas the unluckyeſt job of all his life!

Sir Benjamin *calls without.*

Jonathan! why Jonathan!

FRANCIS.

Hark, you are called!

JONATHAN.

Ay, ay, 'tis only my maſter; my lady tells the ſervants not to mind what Sir Benjamin ſays, and I love to do as I am bidden.

FRANCIS.

Well, honeſt Jonathan, if you won't move, I muſt; by this time I hope my young maſter is happy with your young miſtreſs. [*Exit* Francis.

SCENE X.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE *and* JONATHAN.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Why, Jonathan, I ſay. Oh, are you here? why cou'dn't you come when I call'd you?

JONATHAN.

Lackaday, Sir, you don't conſider how much eaſier it is for you to call, than for me to come.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

I think, honeſt Jonathan, when firſt I knew you, you was a pariſh-orphan; I prentic'd you out; you run away from your maſter; I took you into my family; you married; I ſet you up in a farm of my own, ſtock'd it; you paid me no rent; I receiv'd you again into my ſervice, or, rather, I ſhou'd ſay, my lady's. Are theſe things ſo, or does my memory fail me, Jonathan?

JONATHAN.

Why, to be ſure, I partly remember ſomewhat of what your worſhip mentions.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

If you partly remember ſomething of all this, Jonathan, don't entirely forget to come when I call.

(CAPTAIN IRONSIDES *without.*)

Hoy there! within! what nobody ſtirring! all hands aſleep? all under the hatches?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Hey-day, who the dickens have we got here? Old Captain Ironſides, as I'm a ſinner: who could have thought of this? Run to the door, good Jonathan;—nay, hold, there's no eſcaping now:—what will become of me?—he'll ruin every thing; and throw the whole houſe into confuſion!

IRONSIDES.

What, Sir Ben! my little knight of Malta! give me a buſs, my boy. Hold, hold, ſure I'm out of my reckoning; let me look a little nearer; why, what miſhap has befallen you, that you heave out theſe ſignals of diſtreſs?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

I'm heartily glad to ſee thee, my old friend; but a

truce to your ſea-phraſes; for, I don't underſtand them: what ſignals of diſtreſs have I about me?

IRONSIDES.

Why that white flag there at your main top-maſt head: in plain Engliſh, what doſt do with that clout about thy pate?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Clout, do you call it? 'tis a little *en affabille*, indeed; but there's nothing extraordinary, I take it, in a man's wearing his gown and cap in a morning; 'tis the dreſs I uſually chuſe to ſtudy in.

IRONSIDES.

And this hall is your library, is it? Ah! my old friend, my old friend! but, come, I wanted to have a little chat with you, and thought to have drop'd in at pudding-time, as they ſay; for, though it may be morning with thee, Sir Ben, 'tis mid-day with the reſt of the world.——

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Indeed, is it ſo late?—But I was fallen upon an agreeable *tête-a-tête* with Lady Dove, and hardly knew how the time paſſed.

IRONSIDES.

Come, come, 'tis very clear how your time has paſſed; but what occaſion is there for this fellow's being privy to our converſation?—Why don't the lubber ſtir? what does the fat, lazy, oaf ſtand ſtaring at?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

What ſhall I ſay now? was ever any thing ſo diſtreſſing?——Why, that's Jonathan, Captain; don't you remember your old friend Jonathan?

JONATHAN.

I hope your honour's in good health; I'm glad to ſee your honour come home again.

IRONSIDES.

Honeſt Jonathan, I came to viſit your maſter, and not you; if you'll go and haſten dinner, and bring Sir Benjamin his perriwig and cloaths, you'll do me a very acceptable piece of ſervice: for, to tell you the truth, my friend, I hav'n't had a comfortable meal of freſh proviſion this many a day. [*Exit Jonathan.*

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

(Foregad, you're come to the wrong houſe to find one.) [*Aſide.*

IRONSIDES.

And ſo, Sir Knight, knowing I was welcome, and having met with a miſhap here, upon your coaſt, I am come to taſte your good cheer, and paſs an evening with you over a tiff of punch.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

(The devil you are!) (*Aſide.*) ——— This is very kind of you; there is no man in England, Captain Ironſides, better pleaſed to ſee his friends about him than I am.

IRONSIDES.

Ay, ay, if I did'n't think I was welcome I ſhou'dn't ha' come.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

You may be aſſur'd you are welcome.

IRONSIDES.

I am aſſur'd.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

You are, by my ſoul: take my word for it, you are.

IRONSIDES.

Well, well, what need of all this ceremony about a meal's meat, who doubts you?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

You need not doubt me, believe it; I'll only ſtep out and aſk my Lady what time ſhe has order'd dinner; or whether ſhe has made any engagement I'm not apriz'd of.

IRONSIDES.

No, no; engagement! how can that be, and you in this pickle? Come, come, ſit down; dinner won't come the quicker for your enquiry: and now tell me, how does my god-daughter Sophia?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Thank you, heartily, Captain, my daughter's well in health.

IRONSIDES.

That's well; and how fares your fine new wife? how goes on matrimony? fond as ever, my little amorous Dove? always billing, always cooing?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

No, Captain, no, we are totally alter'd in that reſpect; we ſhew no fondneſs now before company; my lady is ſo delicate in that particular, that from the little notice ſhe takes of me in public, you wou'd ſcarce believe we were man and wife:

IRONSIDES.

Ha, ha, ha! why 'tis the very circumſtance that wou'd confirm it; but I'm glad to hear it; for, of all things under the ſun, I moſt nauſeate your nuptial familiarities; and, tho' you remember I was fool enough to diſſuade you from this match, I'm rejoic'd to hear you manage ſo well and ſo wiſely.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

No man happier in this life, captain, no man happier; one thing only is wanting; had the kind ſtars but crown'd our endearments——

IRONSIDES.

What, my lady don't breed then?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Huſh, huſh! for Heaven's ſake, don't ſpeak ſo loud; ſhou'd my lady overhear you, it might put ſtrange things into her head; oh! ſhe is a lady of delicate ſpirits, tender nerves, quite weak and tender nerves; a ſmall matter throws her down; gentle as a lamb; ſtarts at a ſtraw; ſpeak loud and it deſtroys her: oh my friend, you are not us'd to deal with women's conſtitutions; theſe hypocondriac caſes require a deal of management; 'tis but charity to humour them; and you cannot think what pains it requires to keep them always quiet and in temper.

IRONSIDES.

Ay, like enough; but here comes my lady, and in excellent temper, if her looks don't belie her.

SCENE XI.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE, CAPTAIN IRONSIDES, *and* LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

What's to do now, Sir Benjamin? what's the matter that you ſend for your cloaths in ſuch a hurry? can't you be

contented to remain as you are? your preſent dreſs is well enough to ſtay at home in, and I don't know that you have any call out of doors.

IRONSIDES.

Gentle as a lamb, Sir Benjamin!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

This attention of yours, my dear, is beyond meaſure flattering! I am infinitely beholden to you; but you are ſo taken-up with your concern on my account, that you overlook our old friend and neighbour, Captain Ironſides.

LADY DOVE.

Sir Benjamin, you make yourſelf quite ridiculous: this folly is not to be endur'd; you are enough to tire the patience of any woman living.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

She's quite diſcompos'd, all in a flutter for fear I ſhou'd take cold by changing my dreſs.

IRONSIDES.

Yes I perceive, ſhe has exceeding weak nerves. You are much in the right to humour her.

LADY DOVE.

Sir Benjamin Dove, if you mean that I ſhou'd ſtay a minute longer in this houſe, I inſiſt upon your turning that old porpoiſe out of it: is it not enough to bring your nauſeous ſea-companions within theſe doors, but muſt I be compell'd to entertain 'em? Foh! I ſhan't get the ſcent of his tar-jacket out of my noſtrils this fortnight.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Huſh, my dear lady Dove, for Heaven's ſake, don't ſhame and expoſe me in this manner; how can I poſſibly turn an honeſt gentleman out of my doors, who has given me no offence in life?

LADY DOVE.

Marry, but he has tho', and great offence too; I tell you, Sir Benjamin, you are made a fool of.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Nay, now, my dear ſweet love, be compos'd.

LADY DOVE.

Yes, forſooth, and let a young, rambling, raking, prodigal run away with your daughter.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

How, what!

LADY DOVE.

A fine thing truly to be compos'd——

IRONSIDES.

Who is it your ladyſhip ſuſpects of ſuch a deſign?

LADY DOVE.

Who, Sir? why, who but your nephew Robert! you flatter'd us, with a falſe hope, he was dead; but, to our ſorrow, we find him alive and return'd: and, now, you are cajoling this poor ſimple unthinking man, while your wild Indian, your ſavage there, is making off with his daughter!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Mercy on us! what am I to think of all this?

IRONSIDES.

What are you to think! why that is a lye; that you are an aſs; and that your wife is a termagant. My nephew is a lad of honour, and ſcorns to run away with any man's daughter, or wife either, tho' I think there's little danger of that here!—As for me, ſooner than meſs with ſuch a vixen, I'd ſtarve: and ſo, Sir Benjamin, I wiſh you a good ſtomach to your dinner. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE, LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

Inſolent, unmannerly, brute, was ever the like heard? And you to ſtand tamely by: I declare I've a great mind to raiſe the ſervants upon him, ſince I have no other defenders! Thus am I for ever treated by your ſcurvy companions!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Be pacified, my dear; am I in fault? But, for Heaven's ſake, what is become of my daughter?

LADY DOVE.

Yes, you can think of your daughter; but ſhe is ſafe enough for this turn; I have taken care of her for one while, and thus I am rewarded for it. Am I a vixen, am I a termagant? Oh, had my firſt huſband, had my poor

dear, dead Mr. Searcher heard ſuch a word, he woud have rattled him!—But he!—What do I talk of? he was a man: yes, yes, he was, indeed, a man!—As for you——

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Strain the compariſon no farther, Lady Dove; there are particulars, I dare ſay, in which I fall ſhort of Mr. Searcher.

LADY DOVE.

Short of him! I'll tell you what, Sir Benjamin, I valued the dear greyhound that hung at his button-hole more than I do all the fooliſh trinkets your vanity has laviſh'd on me.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Your Ladyſhip, doubtleſs, was the paragon of wives: I well remember when the poor man lay ill at my borough of Knaveſtown, how you came flying on the wings of Love, by the Exeter waggon, to viſit him before he died!

LADY DOVE.

I underſtand your ſneer, Sir, and I deſpiſe it: there is one condition only upon which you may regain my forfeited opinion; young Belfield, who, with this old fellow, has deſigns in hand of a dangerous nature, has treated me with an indignity ſtill greater than what you have now been a witneſs to. Shew yourſelf a man upon this occaſion, Sir Benjamin.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Any thing, deareſt, for peace-ſake!

LADY DOVE.

Peace-ſake! it is war, and not peace which I require!—But, come, if you will walk this way, I'll lay the matter open to you. *Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſea-ſhore before GOODWIN's *cabbin.*

VIOLETTA, FANNY.

VIOLETTA.

AND when is this great match of Mr. Belfield's to be?

FANNY.

Alas! Madam, we look to hear of it every day.

VIOLETTA.

You ſeem to conſider this event, child, as a misfortune to yourſelf: however others may be affected by Mr. Belfield's marrying Miſs Dove, to you, I conceive, it muſt be matter of indifference.

FANNY.

I have been taught, Madam, to conſider no event as matter of indifference to me, by which good people are made unhappy. Miſs Sophia is the beſt young lady living; Mr. Belfield is——

VIOLETTA.

Hold, Fanny, do ſteppinto the houſe; in my writing-box you will find a letter ſealed, but without a direction, bring it to me. [*Exit* Fanny.] I have been writing to this baſe man; for, I want fortitude to ſupport an interview! What, if I unboſom'd myſelf to this girl, and intruſted the letter to her conveyance? She ſeems exceedingly honeſt, and, for one of ſo mean a condition, uncommonly ſenſible; I think, I may ſafely confide in her.—Well, Fanny.

Enters FANNY.

FANNY.

Here is your letter, Madam.

VIOLETTA.

I thank you; I trouble you too much; but thou art a good-natur'd girl, and your attention to me ſhall not go unrewarded.

FANNY.

I am happy to wait upon you; I wiſh I cou'd do or ſay any thing to divert you; but my diſcourſe can't be very

amuſing to a lady of your ſort; and talking of this wedding ſeems to ha' made you more melancholy than you was before.

VIOLETTA.

Come hither, child; you have remarked my diſquietude; I will now diſcloſe to you the occaſion of it: you ſeem intereſted for Miſs Dove; I, too, am touch'd with her ſituation: you tell me, ſhe is the beſt young lady living.

FANNY.

Oh! Madam, if it were poſſible for an angel to take a human ſhape ſhe muſt be one!

VIOLETTA.

'Tis very well; I commend your zeal; you are ſpeaking now of the qualities of her mind.

FANNY.

Not of them alone; ſhe has not only the virtues but the beauty of an angel.

VIOLETTA.

Indeed? Pray, tell me, is ſhe ſo very handſome?

FANNY.

As fine a perſon as you could wiſh to ſee.

VIOLETTA.

Tall?

FANNY.

About your ſize, or rather taller.

VIOLETTA.

Fair, or dark-complexion'd?

FANNY.

Of a moſt lovely complexion; 'tis her greateſt beauty; and all pure nature, I'll be anſwerable; then, her eyes are ſo ſoft, and ſo ſmiling, and as for her hair——

VIOLETTA.

Hey-day! why, where are you rambling, child? I am ſatisfied; I make no doubt ſhe is a conſummate beauty, and that Mr. Belfield loves her to diſtraction. [*Aſide.*] (I don't like this girl ſo well as I did; ſhe is a great talker; I am glad I did not diſcloſe my mind to her; I'll go in and determine on ſome expedient.) [*Exit.*

FANNY.

Alas! poor lady! as ſure as can be, ſhe has been croſs'd in love; nothing in this world beſides cou'd make

her ſo miſerable; but, ſure, I ſee Mr. Francis; if falling in love leads to ſuch misfortunes, 'tis fit I ſhould get out of his way. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

FRANCIS, PHILIP.

FRANCIS.

Wasn't that your ſiſter, Philip, that ran into the cabbin?

PHILIP.

I think it was.

FRANCIS.

You've made a good day's work on't; the weather coming about ſo fair, I think we've ſcarce loſt any thing of value, but the ſhip; didn't you meet the old Captain as you came down to the creek?

PHILIP.

I did; he has been at Sir Benjamin Dove's here, at Cropley-Caſtle, and is come back in a curious humour.

FRANCIS.

So! ſo! I attended my young maſter thither at the ſame time; how came they not to return together?

PHILIP.

That I can't tell.—Come, let's go in and refreſh ourſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SOPHIA DOVE, LUCY WATERS.

SOPHIA.

Indeed and indeed, Miſs Lucy Waters, theſe are ſtrong facts which you tell me; and, I do believe, no prudent woman wou'd engage with a man of Mr. Andrew Belfield's diſpoſition; but what courſe am I to follow? and how am I to extricate myſelf from the embaraſſments of my ſituation?

LUCY.

Truly, Madam, you have but one refuge that I know of.

SOPHIA.

And that lies in the arms of a young adventurer. O Lucy, Lucy, this is a flattering preſcription; calculated rather to humour the patient than to remove the diſeaſe.

LUCY.

Nay, but if there is a neceſſity for your taking this ſtep——

SOPHIA.

Ay, neceſſity is grown ſtrangely commodious of late, and always compels us to do the very thing we have moſt a mind to.

LUCY.

Well, Madam, but common humanity to young Mr. Belfield!——You muſt allow he has been hardly treated.

SOPHIA.

By me, Lucy?

LUCY.

Madam!——No, Madam, not by you; but 'tis charity to heal the wounded, though you have not been a party in the fray.

SOPHIA.

I grant you!—You are a true female philoſopher; you would let Charity recommend you a huſband, and a huſband recommend you to Charity.—But I won't reaſon upon the matter; at leaſt, not in the humour I am now; nor at this particular time; no, Lucy, nor in this particular ſpot; for, here it was, at this very hour, yeſterday evening, did young Belfield ſurpriſe me.

LUCY.

And, ſee, Madam, punctual to the ſame lucky moment, he comes again: let him plead his own cauſe; you need fear no interruption; my lady has too agreeable an engagement of her own, to endeavour at diſturbing thoſe of other people. [*Exit Lucy.*

SCENE IV.

SOPHIA, BELFIELD JUNIOR.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Have I then found thee? loveliеſt of women! O! Sophia, report has ſtruck me to the heart; if, as I am told, to-morrow gives you to my brother, this is the laſt time I am ever to behold you.

SOPHIA.

Why ſo, Mr. Belfield? Why ſhould our ſeparation be a neceſſary conſequence of our alliance?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Becauſe I have been ambitious, and cannot ſurvive the pangs of diſappointment.

SOPHIA.

Alas! poor man! but you know where to bury your diſappointments; the ſea is ſtill open to you; and, take my word for it, Mr. Belfield, the man who can live three years, ay, or three months, in ſeparation from the woman of his heart, needs be under no apprehenſions for his life, let what will befal her.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Cruel, inſulting Sophia! when I laſt parted from you, I flatter'd myſelf I had left ſome impreſſion on your heart!——But, in every event of my life, I meet a baſe, injurious brother; the everlaſting bar to my happineſs!—— I can ſupport it no longer; and Mr. Belfield, Madam, never can, never ſhall be yours.

SOPHIA.

How, Sir! never ſhall be mine? What do you tell me? There is but that man on earth with whom I can be happy; and, if my fate is ſuch, that he is never to be mine, the world, and all that it contains, will for ever after be indifferent to me.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I have heard enough; farewell!

SOPHIA.

Farewell, ſagacious Mr. Belfield; the next fond female, who thus openly declares herſelf to you, will, I hope, meet a more galante reception than I have done.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

How, what! is't poſſible? O Heaven's!

SOPHIA.

What, you've diſcover'd it at laſt? Oh, fie upon you!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Thus, thus, let me embrace my unexpected bleſſing; come to my heart, my fond, o'erflowing heart, and tell me once again that my Sophia will be only mine!

SOPHIA.

O man, man! all deſpondency one moment, all rapture the next! No queſtion, now, but you conceive every difficulty is ſurmounted, and that we have nothing to do but to run into each other's arms, make a faſhionable

elopement, and be happy for life; and I muſt own to you, Belfield, was there no other condition of our union, even this project ſhould not deter me; but I have better hopes, provided you will be piloted by me; for, believe me, my good friend, I am better acquainted with this coaſt than you are.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I doubt not your diſcretion, and ſhall implicitly ſurrender myſelf to your guidance.

SOPHIA.

Give me a proof of it then by retreating from this place immediately; 'tis my father's hour for walking, and I would not have you meet; beſides, your brother is expected.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Ay, that brother, my Sophia, that brother brings vexation and regret whenever he is named; but I hope I need not dread a ſecond injury in your eſteem; and yet, I know not how it is, but, if I was addicted to ſuperſtition——

SOPHIA.

And, if I was addicted to anger, I ſhou'd quarrel with you for not obeying my injunctions with more readineſs.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I will obey thee; and yet 'tis difficult——Thoſe lips, which thus have bleſt me, cannot diſmiſs me without——

SOPHIA.

Nay, Mr. Belfield, don't you——well, then,——mercy upon us! who's coming here?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

How, oh, yes! never fear; 'tis a friend; 'tis Violetta; 'tis a lady that I——

SOPHIA.

That you what, Mr. Belfield?——What lady is it? I never ſaw her in my life before.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

No, ſhe is a foreigner, born in Portugal, tho' of an Engliſh family: the packet in which ſhe was coming to England founder'd along ſide of our ſhip, and I was the inſtrument of ſaving her life: I intereſt myſelf much in her happineſs, and I beſeech you, for my ſake, to be kind to her. [*Exit.*

SOPHIA.

He intereſts himſelf much in her happineſs; he beſeeches me, for his ſake, to be kind to her!—What am I to judge of all this?

SCENE V.

SOPHIA, VIOLETTA.

VIOLETTA.

Madam, I aſk pardon for this intruſion; but I have buſineſs with you of a nature that——I preſume I am not miſtaken, you are the young lady I have been directed to, the daughter of Sir Benjamin Dove?

SOPHIA.

I am, Madam; but will you please to repoſe yourſelf in the houſe? I underſtand you are a ſtranger in this country. May I beg to know what commands you have for me? Mr. Belfield has made me acquainted with ſome circumſtances relative to your ſtory; and, for his ſake, Madam, I ſhall be proud to render you any ſervice in my power.

VIOLETTA.

For Mr. Belfield's ſake, did you ſay, Madam? has Mr. Belfield named me to you, Madam?

SOPHIA.

Is there any wonder in that, pray?

VIOLETTA.

No, none at all. In any man elſe, ſuch confidence wou'd ſurpriſe me; but in Mr. Belfield 'tis natural; there is no wondering at what he does!

SOPHIA.

You muſt pardon me: I find we think differently of Mr. Belfield. He left me but this minute, and, in the kindeſt terms, recommended you to my friendſhip.

VIOLETTA.

'Twas he, then, that parted from you as I came up; I thought ſo; but I was too much agitated to obſerve him! —and I am confident he is too guilty to dare to look upon me!

SOPHIA.

Why ſo, Madam? for Heaven's ſake, inform me what injuries you have received from Mr. Belfield; I muſt own

to you, I am much intereſted in finding him to be a man of honour

VIOLETTA.

I know your ſituation, Madam, and I pity it; Providence has ſent me here, in time, to ſave you, and to tell you——

SOPHIA.

What? To tell me what? O ſpeak, or I ſhall ſink with apprehenſion.

VIOLETTA.

To tell you, that he is——my huſband.

SOPHIA.

Huſband! your huſband? what do I hear, ungenerous, baſe, deceitful Belfield! I thought he ſeem'd confounded at your appearance; every thing confirms his treachery; and I cannot doubt the truth of what you tell me.

VIOLETTA.

A truth it is, Madam, that I muſt ever reflect on with the moſt ſorrowful regret.

SOPHIA.

Come, let me beg you to walk towards the houſe: I aſk no account of this tranſaction of Mr. Belfield's; I wou'd fain baniſh his name from my memory for ever, and you ſhall this inſtant be a witneſs to his peremptory diſmiſſion. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

BELFIELD JUNIOR, PATERSON.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

And ſo, Sir, theſe are her ladyſhip's commands, are they?

PATERSON.

This is what I am commiſſion'd by Lady Dove to tell you: what report ſhall I make to her?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Even what you pleaſe, Mr. Paterſon; mould it and model it to your liking; put as many palliatives as you think proper, to ſweeten it to her ladyſhip's taſte; ſo you do but give her to underſtand that I neither can nor will abandon my Sophia. Ceaſe to think of her, indeed! What earthly power can exclude her idea from my thoughts; I am ſurpriz'd Lady Dove ſhou'd think of ſending me ſuch

a meſſage! and I wonder, Sir, that you ſhou'd conſent to bring it.

PATERSON.

Sir!——

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Nay, Mr. Paterſon, don't aſſume ſuch a menacing air; nor practice on my temper too far in this buſineſs: I know both your ſituation and my own; conſider, Sir, mine is a cauſe that would animate the moſt daſtardly ſpirit; your's is enough to damp the moſt courageous. [*Exit.*

PATERSON.

A very ſhort and ſententious gentleman: but there is truth in his remark; mine is but a ſorry commiſſion, after all; the man's in the right to fight for his miſtreſs; ſhe's worth the venture; and, if there was no way elſe to be quit of mine, I ſhould be in the right to fight too: egad, I don't ſee why averſion ſhou'dn't make me as deſperate as love makes him. Hell and fury! here comes my Venus.

SCENE VII.

PATERSON, LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

Well, Paterſon, what ſays the fellow to my meſſage?

PATERSON.

Says, Madam! I'm aſham'd to tell you what he ſays: he's the arranteſt boatſwain that ever I convers'd with.

LADY DOVE.

But tell me what he ſays.

PATERSON.

Every thing that ſcandal and ſcurrility can utter againſt you.

LADY DOVE.

Againſt me? What cou'd he ſay againſt me?

PATERSON.

Modeſty forbids me to tell you.

LADY DOVE.

Oh! the vile reprobate! I, that have been ſo guarded in my conduct, ſo diſcreet in my partialities, as to keep 'em ſecret, even from my own huſband; but, I hope, he didn't venture to abuſe my perſon.

PATERSON.

No, Madam, no; had he proceeded to ſuch lengths, I couldn't in honour have put up with it; I hope, I have more ſpirit than to ſuffer any reflections upon your ladyſhip's perſonal accompliſhments.

LADY DOVE.

Well; but did you ſay nothing in defence of my reputation?

PATERSON.

Nothing.

LADY DOVE.

No?

PATERSON.

Not a ſyllable; truſt me for that; 'tis the wiſeſt way upon all tender topics to be ſilent; for, he who takes upon him to defend a lady's reputation, only publiſhes her favours to the world; and, therefore, I wou'd allways leave that office to a huſband.

LADY DOVE.

'Tis true; and, if Sir Benjamin had any heart——

PATERSON.

Come, come, my dear lady, don't be too ſevere upon Sir Benjamin; many men of no better appearance than Sir Benjamin, have ſhewn themſelves perfect heroes; I know a whole family, that, with the limbs of ladies, have the hearts of lions. Who can tell but your huſband may be one of this ſort?

LADY DOVE.

Ah!——

PATERSON.

Well; but try him; tell him how you have been uſed, and ſee what his ſpirit will prompt him to do. Apropos! here the little gentleman comes; if he won't fight, 'tis but what you expect; if he will, who can tell where a lucky arrow may hit. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE, LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

Sir Benjamin, I want to have a little diſcourſe in private with you.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

With me, my lady?

LADY DOVE.

With you, Sir Benjamin; 'tis upon a matter of a very ſerious nature; pray, ſit down by me; I don't know how it is, my dear, but I have obſerved of late, with much concern, a great abatement in your regard for me.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! fie, my lady, why do you think ſo? What reaſon have you for ſo unkind a ſuſpicion?

LADY DOVE.

'Tis in vain for you to deny it; I am convinc'd you have done loving me.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, now, I vow my dear, as I am a ſinner, you do me wrong.

LADY DOVE.

Look'e, Sir Benjamin, love like mine is apt to be quick-ſighted, and, I am perſuaded, I am not deceived in my obſervation.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Indeed, and indeed, my Lady Dove, you accuſe me wrongfully.

LADY DOVE.

Miſtake me not, my dear, I do not accuſe you; I accuſe myſelf; I am ſenſible, there are faults and imperfections in my temper.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! trifles; my dear, mere trifles.

LADY DOVE.

Come, come, I know you have led but an uncomfortable life of late, and, I am afraid, I've been innocently, in ſome degree, the cauſe of it.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Far be it from me to contradict your ladyſhip, if you are pleas'd to ſay ſo.

LADY DOVE.

I am ſure it has been as I ſay; my over-fondneſs for you has been troubleſome and vexatious; you hate confinement, I know you do; you are a man of ſpirit, and form'd to figure in the world.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! you flatter me!

LADY DOVE.

Nay, nay, there's no diſguiſing it; you ſigh for action; your looks declare it: this alteration in your habit and appearance puts it out of doubt; there is a certain quickneſs in your eye; 'twas the firſt ſymptom that attracted my regards; and, I am miſtaken, Sir Benjamin, if you don't poſſeſs as much courage as any man.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Your ladyſhip does me honour.

LADY DOVE.

I do you juſtice, Sir Benjamin.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Why, I believe, for the matter of courage, I have as much as my neighbours; but 'tis of a ſtrange perverſe quality; for, as ſome ſpirits riſe with the difficulties they are to encounter, my courage, on the contrary, is always greateſt when there is leaſt call for it.

LADY DOVE.

Oh! you ſhall never make me believe this, Sir Benjamin; you cou'dn't bear to ſee me ill-us'd, I'm poſitive you cou'dn't.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

(*'Tis as well, however, not to be too ſure of that.*) *Aſide.*

LADY DOVE.

You cou'dn't be ſo mean-ſpirited as to ſtand by and hear your poor dear wife abus'd and inſulted, and——

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! no, by no means, 'twou'd break my heart; but who has abus'd you and inſulted you, and——

LADY DOVE.

Who? Why, this young Belfield that I told you of.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! never liſten to him; a woman of your years ſhou'd have more ſenſe than to mind what ſuch idle young fleerers can ſay of you.

LADY DOVE.

Riſing.] My years, Sir Benjamin! Why, you are more intolerable than he is; but let him take his courſe; let him run away with your daughter; it ſhall be no further concern of mine to prevent him.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

No, my dear, I've done that effectually.

LADY DOVE.

How ſo, pray?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

By taking care he ſhan't run away with my eſtate at the ſame time. Some people lock their daughters up to prevent their eloping; I've gone a wiſer way to work with mine, let her go looſe, and lock'd up her fortune.

LADY DOVE.

And, o' my conſcience, I believe you mean to do the ſame by your wife; turn her looſe upon the world, as you do your daughter; leave her to the mercy of every free-booter; let her be vilified and abus'd; her honour, her reputation, mangled and torn, by every paltry privateering fellow that Fortune caſts upon your coaſts!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Hold, my lady, hold! young Belfield didn't glance at your reputation, I hope; did he?

LADY DOVE.

Indeed but he did tho', and therein I think every wife has a title to her huſband's protection.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

True, my dear, 'tis our duty to plead, but your's to provide us with the brief.

LADY DOVE.

There are ſome inſults, Sir Benjamin, that no man of ſpirit ought to put up with; and the imputation of being made a wittol of, is the moſt unpardonable of any.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Right, my dear, even truth, you know, is not to be ſpoke at all times.

LADY DOVE.

How, Sir, wou'd you inſinuate any thing to the diſparagement of my fidelity? but, chuſe your ſide; quarrel you muſt, either with him or with me.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! if that's the alternative, what a deal of time have we waſted? Step with me into my library, and I'll penn him a challenge immediately. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The cabbin, with a view of the ſea, as before.

PHILIP, LUCY WATERS.

PHILIP.

HOW I have lov'd you, Lucy, and what I have ſuffered on your account, you know well enough; and you ſhou'dn't now, when I am ſtruggling to forget you, come to put me in mind of paſt afflictions: go, go, leave me: I pray you, leave me.

LUCY.

Nay, Philip, but hear me.

PHILIP.

Hear you, ungrateful girl; you know it has been all my delight to hear you, to ſee you, and to ſit by your ſide; for hours have I done it; for whole days together: but thoſe days are paſt; I muſt labour now for my livelihood; and, if you rob me of my time, you wrong me of my ſubſiſtence.

LUCY.

O! Philip, I am undone if you don't protect me!

PHILIP.

Ah! Lucy, that, I fear, is paſt prevention.

LUCY.

No, Philip, no, I am innocent; and, therefore, perſecuted by the moſt criminal of men: I have diſcloſed all Mr. Belfield's artifices to Miſs Sophia, and now am terrified to death; I ſaw him follow me out of the Park, as I was coming hither, and I dare not return home alone; indeed, Philip, I dare not.

PHILIP.

Well, Lucy, ſtep in with me, and fear nothing; I ſee the 'ſquire is coming:——He who can refuſe his protection to a woman, may he never taſte the bleſſings a woman can beſtow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BELFIELD SENIOR.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Ay, 'tis ſhe! Confuſion follow her!—How perverſely has ſhe travers'd my projects with Sophia!—By all that's reſolute, I'll be reveng'd.—My brother, too, return'd!—Vexatious circumſtance! there am I foil'd again!—Since firſt I ſtepp'd out of the path of honour, what have I obtain'd?——O treachery! treachery! if thou canſt not in this world make us happy, better have remain'd that dull formal thing, an honeſt man, and truſted to what the future might produce.

Enter PHILIP.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

So, fellow, who are you?

PHILIP.

A man, Sir; an honeſt man.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

A ſaucy one, methinks.

PHILIP.

The injurious are apt to think ſo; however, I aſk pardon: as your riches make you too proud, my honeſty perhaps makes me too bold.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Oh! I know you now; you are ſon to that old fellow I thought proper to diſcharge from my farm: pleaſe to betake yourſelf from the door of your cabbin; there's a young woman within I muſt have a word with.

PHILIP.

If 'tis Lucy Waters you would ſpeak with——

BELFIELD SENIOR.

If, raſcal! It is Lucy Waters that I would ſpeak with; that I will ſpeak with; and, ſpite of your inſolence, compell to anſwer whatever I pleaſe to aſk, and go with me wherever I pleaſe to carry her.

PHILIP.

Then, Sir, I muſt tell you, poor as I am, ſhe is under my protection: you ſee, Sir, I am arm'd; you have no right to force an entrance here; and, while I have life, you never ſhall!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Then be it at your peril, villain, if you oppoſe me.

[*They fight.*

Enter PATERSON, *who beats down their ſwords.*

PATERSON.

For ſhame, Mr. Belfield! what are you about? Tilting with this peaſant.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Paterſon, ſtand-off!

PATERSON.

Come, come, put-up your ſword.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Damnation, Sir! what do you mean? Do you turn againſt me? Give way; or, by my ſoul, I'll run you through.

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSIDES *and* SKIFF.

IRONSIDES.

Hey-day, what the devil ails you all? I thought the whole ſhip's company had ſprung a mutiny. Maſter and I were taking a nap together for good fellowſhip; and you make ſuch a damn'd clattering and claſhing, there's no ſleeping in peace for you.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Come, Mr. Paterſon, will you pleaſe to bear me company, or ſtay with your new acquaintance?

IRONSIDES.

Oh ho! my righteous nephew, is it you that are kicking-up this riot? Why, you ungracious profligate, would you murder an honeſt lad in the door of his own houſe? —his caſtle?—his caſtellum?——Are theſe your freſh-water tricks?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Your language, Captain Ironſides, ſavours ſtrongly of your profeſſion; and I hold both you, your occupation, and opinion, equally vulgar and contemptible.

PATERSON.

Come, Mr. Belfield, come; for Heaven's ſake let us go home.

IRONSIDES.

My profeſſion! Why, what have you to ſay to my profeſſion, you unſanctified whelp you? I hope 'tis an honeſt

vocation to fight the enemies of one's country; you, it ſeems, are for murdering the friends; I truſt, it is not for ſuch a ſkip-jack as thee art, to ſleer at my profeſſion. Maſter, did'ſt ever hear the like?

SKIFF.

Never, Captain, never; for my own part, I am one of few words; but, for my own part, I always thought, that, to be a brave ſea-man, like your honour, was the greateſt title an Engliſhman can wear.

IRONSIDES.

Why ſo it is, Skiff: ahem!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Well, Sir, I leave you to the enjoyment of your honours, ſo your ſervant. Sirrah, I ſhall find a time for you.

[*Belfield is going out.*

IRONSIDES.

Hark'e, Sir, come back; one more word with you.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Well, Sir.——

IRONSIDES.

Your father was an honeſt gentleman; your mother, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it, was an angel; my eyes ake when I ſpeak of her: an't you aſham'd, ſirrah, to diſgrace ſuch parents? My nephew Bob, your brother, is as honeſt a lad, and as brave, as ever ſtept between ſtem and ſtern; a' has a few faults indeed; as who is free? But you, Andrew, you are as falſe as a quick-ſand; and as full of miſchief as a fire-ſhip!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Captain Ironſides, I have but little time to beſtow on you; if you have nothing elſe to entertain me with, the ſooner we part the better.

IRONSIDES.

No, Sir, one thing more, and I have done with you: they tell me you're parliament-man here for the borough of Knaveſtown: the Lord have mercy upon the nation, when ſuch fellows as thou art are to be our law-makers!—For my own part, I can ſhift; I'll take ſhipping, and live in Lapland, and be dry-nurſe to a bear, rather than dwell in a country, where I am to be govern'd by ſuch a thing as thou art.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

By your manners I ſhould gueſs you had executed that office already; however, loſe no time, fit out a new Charming Sally, and ſet ſail for Lapland; 'tis the propereſt place for you to live in, and a bear the fitteſt companion for you to keep. [*Exit* Belfield *and* Paterſon.

IRONSIDES.

Hark'e, Philip, I forgot to aſk what all this ſtir was about?

PHILIP.

Sir, if you pleaſe to walk in, I will inform you.

IRONSIDES.

With all my heart. A pragmatical, impertinent, coxcomb! Come, maſter, we'll fill a pipe, and hear the lad's ſtory within doors. I never yet was aſhamed of my profeſſion, and I'll take care my profeſſion ſhall have no reaſon to be aſham'd of me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

BELFIELD JUNIOR, SOPHIA.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Madam, madam, will you not vouchſafe to give me a hearing?

SOPHIA.

Unleſs you cou'd recal an act, no earthly power can cancel, all attempt at explanation is vain.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Yet, before we part for ever, obſtinate, inexorable Sophia, tell me what is my offence?

SOPHIA.

Anſwer yourſelf that queſtion, Mr. Belfield; conſult your own heart, conſult your Violetta.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Now, on my life, ſhe's meanly jealous of Violetta: that grateful woman has been warm in her commendations of me, and her diſtemper'd fancy turns that candour into criminality!

SOPHIA.

Hah! he ſeems confounded! guilty beyond all doubt.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

By Heaven I'll no longer be the dupe to theſe bad humours: Lucy Waters, Violetta, every woman ſhe ſees

or hears, alarms her jealouſy, overthrows my hopes, and rouſes every paſſion into fury. Well, madam, at length I ſee what you allude to; I ſhall follow your advice, and conſult my Violetta; nay more, conſult my happineſs; for with her, at leaſt, I ſhall find repoſe; with you, I plainly ſee, there can be none.

SOPHIA.

'Tis very well, Sir; the only favour you can now grant me, is never to let me ſee you again; for, after what has paſs'd between us, every time you intrude into my company, you will commit an inſult upon good breeding and humanity.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Madam, I'll take care to give you no further offence. *Exit.*

SOPHIA.

Oh, my poor heart will break!

SCENE IV.

SOPHIA, SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Hey day, Sophia, what's the matter? what ails my child? who has offended you? did not I ſee the younger Belfield part from you juſt now?

SOPHIA.

O, Sir! if you have any love for me, don't name that baſe, treacherous, wretch to me any more. [*Exit.*

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Upon my word I am young Mr. Belfield's moſt obſequious ſervant: a very notable confuſion truly has he been pleaſed to make in my family. Lady Dove raves, Sophia cries; my wife calls him a ſaucy, impudent fellow, my daughter ſays he's a baſe, treacherous wretch; from all which I am to conclude, that he has ſpoke too plain truths to the one, and told too many lies to the other: one lady is irritated becauſe he has refuſed favours; the other, perhaps, is afflicted becauſe he has obtained 'em. Lady Dove has peremptorily inſiſted upon my giving him a challenge; but, to ſay the truth, I had no great ſtomach to the buſineſs, till this freſh provocation: I perceive now, I am growing into a moſt unaccountable rage; 'tis ſomething ſo different from what I ever felt before,

that, for what I know, it may be courage, and I miſtake it for anger; I never did quarrel with any man, and hitherto no man ever quarrel'd with me: egad, if once I break the ice, it ſhan't ſtop here; if young Belfield doesn't prove me a coward, lady Dove ſhall ſee that I am a man of ſpirit.—Sure I ſee my gentleman coming hither again.

[*Steps aſide.*

Enters BELFIELD JUNIOR.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

What meanneſs, what infatuation poſſeſſes me, that I ſhould reſolve to throw myſelf once more in her way! but ſhe's gone, and yet I may eſcape with credit.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Aye, there he is, ſure enough: by the maſs I don't like him: I'll liſten a while and diſcover what ſort of a humour he is in.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I am aſhamed of this weakneſs: I will aſſume a proper ſpirit, and act as becomes a man upon this occaſion.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Upon my ſoul I'm very ſorry for it.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Now am I ſo diſtracted between love, rage, and diſappointment, that I cou'd find in my heart to ſacrifice her, myſelf, and all mankind!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Lord ha' mercy upon us, I'd better ſteal off and leave him to himſelf!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

And yet, perhaps, all this may proceed from an exceſs of fondneſs in my Sophia.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Upon my word you are bleſt with a moſt happy aſſurance!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Something may have dropp'd from Violetta to alarm her jealouſy, and, working upon the exquiſite ſenſibility of her innocent mind, may have brought my ſincerity into queſtion.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

I don't underſtand a word of all this.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Now cou'd I fall at her feet for pardon, tho' I know not in what I have offended; I have not the heart to move. Fie upon it! What an arrant coward has love made me!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

A coward does he ſay? I am heartily rejoic'd to hear it: if I muſt needs come to action, pray Heaven, it be with a coward! I'll ev'n take him while he is in the humour, for fear he ſhou'd recover his courage, and I loſe mine.——So, Sir, your humble ſervant, Mr. Belfield! I'm glad I have found you, Sir!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Sir Benjamin, your moſt obedient. Pray, what are your commands now you have found me?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Hold! hold! don't come any nearer: don't you ſee I am in a moſt prodigious paſſion? Fire and fury, what's the reaſon you have made all this diſorder in my houſe? my daughter in tears; my wife in fits; every thing in an uproar; and all your doing! Do you think I'll put up with this treatment? If you ſuppoſe you have a coward to deal with, you'll find yourſelf miſtaken; greatly miſtaken, let me tell you, Sir! Mercy upon me, what a paſſion I am in! In ſhort, Mr. Belfield, the honour of my houſe is concern'd, and I muſt, and will have ſatisfaction!—(I think this is pretty well to ſet in with; I'm horribly out of breath; I ſweat at every pore. What great fatigues do men of courage undergo!)

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Look'e, Sir Benjamin, I don't rightly comprehend what you wou'd be at; but, if you think I have injur'd you, few words are beſt; diſputes between men of honour are ſoon adjuſted; I'm at your ſervice, in any way you think fitt.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

How you fly-out now! Is that giving me the ſatisfaction I require? I am the perſon injur'd in this matter, and, as ſuch, have a right to be in a paſſion; but I ſee neither right nor reaſon why you, who have done the wrong, ſhou'd be as angry as I, who have receiv'd it.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

(I ſuſpect I have totally miſtaken this honeſt gentleman; he only wants to build ſome reputation with his wife upon this rencounter, and 'twould be inhuman not to gratify him.)

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

What ſhall I do now? Egad I ſeem to have pos'd him: this plaguy ſword ſticks ſo hard in the ſcabbard.—Well, come forth, rapier, 'tis but one thruſt; and what ſhou'd a man fear that has Lady Dove for his wife?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Hey-day! is the man mad? Put up your ſword, Sir Benjamin, putt it up and don't expoſe yourſelf in this manner.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

You ſhall excuſe me, Sir; I have had ſome difficulty in drawing it, and am determin'd now to try what metal it's made of. So, come on, Sir.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Really this is too ridiculous; I tell you, Sir Benjamin, I am in no humour for theſe follies. I've done no wrong to you or yours: on the contrary, great wrong has been done to me; but I have no quarrel with you; ſo, pray, putt up your ſword.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

And I tell you, Mr. Belfield, 'tis in vain to excuſe yourſelf.—(The leſs readineſs he ſhews ſo much the more reſolution I feel.)

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Well, Sir Knight, if ſuch is your humour, I won't ſpoil your longing. So have at you.

Enter LADY DOVE.

LADY DOVE.

Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Hold, hold, Sir Benjamin, I never fight in lady's company. Why, I proteſt, you are a perfect Amadis de Gaul! a Don Quixote in heroiſm, and the preſence of this your Dulcinea renders you invincible.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh, my Lady, is it you? don't be alarm'd my dear; 'tis all over: a ſmall fracas between this gentleman and

myſelf! that's all; don't be under any ſurprize; I believe the gentleman has had enough; I believe he is perfectly ſatisfied with my behaviour, and I perſuade myſelf you will have no cauſe for the future to complain of his. Mr. Belfield, this is Lady Dove.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Madam, to a generous enemy 'tis mean to deny juſtice, or with-hold applauſe. You are happy in the moſt valiant of defenders; gentle as you may find him in the tender paſſions, to a man, Madam, he acquits himſelf like a man. Sir Benjamin Dove, in juſtice to your merit, I am ready to make any ſubmiſſion to this lady you ſhall pleaſe to impoſe. (If you ſuffer her to bully you after this, you deſerve to be henpeck'd all the days of your life!)

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

(Say no more, my dear Bob; I ſhall love you for this the longeſt hour I have to live!)

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

(If I have done you any ſervice, promiſe me only one hour's converſation with your lovely daughter, and make what uſe of me you pleaſe.)

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

(Here's my hand, you ſhall have it; leave us.)

[*Exit* Belfield Junior.

LADY DOVE.

(What am I to think of all this? It can't well be a contrivance; and yet 'tis ſtrange that yon little animal ſhou'd have the aſſurance to face a man, and be ſo baſhful at a rencounter with a woman.)

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, Lady Dove, what are you muſing upon? you ſee you are obey'd; the honour of your family is vindicated: ſlow to enter into theſe affairs; being once engag'd, I pertinaciouſly conduct them to an iſſue.

LADY DOVE.

Sir Benjamin,——I——I——

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Here, Jonathan, do you hear, ſet my things ready in the library; make haſte.

LADY DOVE.

I ſay, Sir Benjamin, I think——

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, let's hear what it is you think.——

LADY DOVE.

Bleſs us all, why, you ſnap one up ſo!—I ſay, I think, my dear, you have acquitted yourſelf tolerably well, and I am perfectly ſatisfied.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Humph! you think I have done tolerably well, I think ſo too; do you apprehend me? Tolerably! for this buſineſs that you think tolerably well done is but half-concluded, let me tell you: nay, what ſome wou'd call the toughest part of the undertaking remains unfiniſh'd; but, I dare ſay, with your concurrence, I ſhall find it eaſy enough.

LADY DOVE.

What is it you mean to do with my concurrence, what mighty project does your wiſe brain teem with?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Nay, now I reflect on't again, I don't think there'll be any need of your concurrence, for nolens or volens, I'm determin'd it ſhall be done: In ſhort, this it is, I am unalterably reſolv'd, from this time forward, Lady Dove, to be ſole and abſolute in this houſe, maſter of my own ſervants, father to my own child, and ſovereign lord and governor, Madam, over my own wife.

LADY DOVE.

You do?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

I am. Gods! Gods! what a pitiful contemptible figure does a man make under petticoat-government. Periſh he that's mean enough to ſtoop to ſuch indignities! I am determin'd to be free.——(PATERSON *enters and whiſpers* LADY DOVE.)——Hah! how's this Mr. Paterſon? What liberties are theſe you take with my wife, and before my face? No more of theſe freedoms I beſeech you, Sir, as you expect to anſwer it to a huſband, who will have no ſecrets whiſper'd to his wife, to which he is not privy; nor any appointments made in which he is not a party.

PATERSON.

(Hey-day! what a change of government is here! Egad, I'm very glad on't—I've no notion of a female adminiſtration!) [*Exit.*

LADY DOVE.

What inſolence is this, Sir Benjamin; what ribaldry do you ſhock my ears with? Let me paſs, Sir, I'll ſtay no longer in the ſame room with you.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Not in the ſame room, nor under the ſame roof, ſhall you long abide, unleſs you reform your manners; however, for the preſent, you muſt be content to ſtay where you are.

LADY DOVE.

What, Sir, will you impriſon me in my own houſe? I'm ſick; I'm ill; I'm ſuffocated; I want air; I muſt and will walk into the garden.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Then, Madam, you muſt find ſome better weapon than your fan to parry my ſword with: this paſs I defend: what, do'ſt think, after having encountered a man, I ſhall turn my back upon a woman! No, Madam, I have ventured my life to defend your honour; 'twould be hard if I wanted ſpirit to protect my own.

LADY DOVE.

You monſter, would you draw your ſword upon a woman?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Unleſs it has been your pleaſure to make me a monſter, Madam, I am none.

LADY DOVE.

Would you murder me, you inhuman brute? would you murder your poor, fond, defenceleſs, wife?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Nor tears, nor threats, neither ſcolding, nor ſoothing, ſhall ſhake me from my purpoſe: your yoke, Lady Dove, has lain too heavy upon my ſhoulders; I can ſupport it no longer: to-morrow, Madam, you leave this houſe.

LADY DOVE.

Will you break my heart, you tyrant? will you turn me out of doors to ſtarve, you barbarous man?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Oh! never fear; you will fare to the full as well as you did in your firſt huſband's time; in your poor, dear, dead, Mr. Searcher's time! You told me once you priz'd

the paltry grey-hound that hung at his button-hole, more than all the jewels my folly had laviſh'd upon you. I take you at your word; you ſhall have your bauble, and I will take back all mine; they'll be of no uſe to you hereafter.

LADY DOVE.

O! Sir Benjamin, Sir Benjamin, for mercy's ſake turn me not out of your doors! I will be obedient, gentle, and complying, for the future; don't ſhame me; on my knees, I beſeech you don't.

Enters BELFIELD SENIOR.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Mr. Belfield, I am heartily glad to ſee you; don't go back, Sir; you catch us indeed a little unawares; but theſe ſituations are not uncommon in well-ordered families; rewards and puniſhments are the life of government, and the authority of a huſband muſt be upheld.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

I confeſs, Sir Benjamin, I was greatly ſurpriſed at finding Lady Dove in that attitude: but I never pry into family-ſecrets; I had much rather ſuppoſe your lady was on her knees to intercede with you in my behalf, than be told ſhe was reduced to that humble poſture for any reaſon that affects herſelf.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir, you are free to ſuppoſe what you pleaſe for Lady Dove; I'm willing to ſpare you that trouble on my account; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, if you will ſign and ſeal your articles this night, to-morrow morning Sophia ſhall be yours: I'm reſolv'd that the ſelf-ſame day, which conſecrates the redemption of my liberty, ſhall confirm the ſurrender of yours.

LADY DOVE.

O! Mr. Belfield, I beſeech you, intercede with this dear cruel man in my behalf; wou'd you believe that he harbours a deſign of expelling me his houſe, on the very day too when he purpoſes celebrating the nuptials of his daughter?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Come, Sir Benjamin, I muſt ſpeak to you now as a friend in the neareſt connection; I beg you will not damp our happineſs with ſo melancholy an event: I will venture to pledge myſelf for her ladyſhip.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, for your ſake, perhaps, I may prolong her departure for one day; but I'm determin'd, if ſhe does ſtay to-morrow, ſhe ſhall ſett the firſt diſh upon the table; if 'tis only to ſhew the company what a refractory wife in the hands of a man of ſpirit may be brought to ſubmit to. Our wives, Mr. Belfield, may teaſe us and vex us, and ſtill eſcape with impunity; but, if once they thoroughly provoke us, the charm breaks, and they are loſt for ever! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſea-coaſt, as before.

GOODWIN, FANNY.

GOODWIN.

WHAT you tell me, Fanny, gives me great concern that Mr. Francis ſhou'd think to ſeduce the innocence of my child for a paltry bribe: what can have paſs'd to encourage him to put ſuch an affront upon you?

FANNY.

Till this propoſal, which I tell you of, I always took Mr. Francis for one of the beſt-behav'd modeſteſt young men I had ever met with.

GOODWIN.

To ſay the truth, Fanny, ſo did I; but the world is full of hypocriſy, and our acquaintance with him has been very ſhort.—(*Enter* FRANCIS.)——Hark'e, young man, a word with you! What is it I or my children have done to offend you?

FRANCIS.

Offend me! what is it you mean?

GOODWIN.

When your veſſel was ſtranded upon our coaſt, did we take advantage of your diſtreſs? On the contrary, wasn't this poor hut thrown open to your uſe, as a receptacle for your treaſures, and a repoſe for your fatigues? Have either thoſe treaſures, or that repoſe been invaded? Whom among you have we robb'd or defrauded?

FRANCIS.

None, none; your honeſty has been as conſpicuous as your hoſpitality.

GOODWIN.

Why, then, having receiv'd no injury, do you ſeek to do one? an injury of the baſeſt nature——You ſee there a poor girl, whoſe only portion in this world is her innocence, and of that you have ſought to——

FRANCIS.

Hold; nor impute deſigns to me which I abhor: you ſay your daughter has no portion but her innocence;

aſſur'd of that, I aſk none elſe; and, if ſhe can forgive the ſtratagem I have made uſe of, I am ready to atone for it by a life devoted to her ſervice.

GOODWIN.

Well, Sir, I'm happy to find you are the man I took you for, and cannot diſcommend your caution; ſo that, if you like my daughter, and Fanny is conſenting——But, ſoft! who have we got here?

FRANCIS.

I wiſh Mr. Paterſon was further for interrupting us juſt now.

SCENE III.

Enter PATERSON.

PATERSON.

Pray, good people, isn't there a lady with you of the name of Violetta?

GOODWIN.

There is.

PATERSON.

Can you direct me to her? I have buſineſs with her of the utmoſt conſequence.

GOODWIN.

Fanny, you and Mr. Francis ſtep in and let the lady know. [*Exit Fanny and Francis.*

SCENE IV.

GOODWIN, PATERSON.

GOODWIN.

If it's no offence, Mr. Paterſon, allow me to aſk you, whether there is any hope of our young gentleman here, who is juſt return'd, ſucceeding in his addreſſes to Miſs Dove?

PATERSON.

Certainly none, Maſter Goodwin.

GOODWIN.

I'm heartily ſorry for it.

PATERSON.

I find you are a ſtranger to the reaſons which make againſt it; but how are you intereſted in his ſucceſs?

GOODWIN.

I am a witneſs of his virtues, and conſequently not indifferent to his ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

PATERSON, VIOLETTA.

PATERSON.

Madam, I preſume your name is Violetta.

VIOLETTA.

It is, Sir.

PATERSON.

I wait upon you, Madam, at Miſs Dove's deſire, and as a particular friend of Mr. Andrew Belfield's.

VIOLETTA.

Sir!——

PATERSON.

Madam!——

VIOLETTA.

Pray, proceed.

PATERSON.

To intreat the favour of your company at Cropley-caſtle upon buſineſs, wherein that lady and gentleman are intimately concerned: I preſume, Madam, you gueſs what I mean.

VIOLETTA.

Indeed, Sir, I can't eaſily gueſs how I can poſſibly be a party in any buſineſs between Miſs Dove and Mr. Belfield. I thought all intercourſe between thoſe perſons was now entirely at an end.

PATERSON.

Oh! no, Madam, by no means; the affair is far from being at an end.

VIOLETTA.

How, Sir! not at an end?

PATERSON.

No, Madam; on the contrary, from Sir Benjamin's great anxiety for the match, and, above all, from the very ſeaſonable intelligence you was ſo good to as communicate to Miſs Sophia, I am not without hopes that Mr. Andrew Belfield will be happy enough to conquer all her ſcruples, and engage her conſent to marry him.

VIOLETTA.

Indeed! but, pray, Sir, thoſe ſcruples of Miſs Dove's, which you flatter yourſelf Mr. Belfield will ſo happily conquer, how is it that ladies in this country reconcile

themſelves to ſuch matters? I ſhou'd have thought ſuch an obſtacle utterly inſurmountable.

PATERSON.

Why, to be ſure, Madam, Miſs Dove has had ſome doubts and difficulties to contend with; but duty, you know,——and, as I ſaid before, you, Madam, you have been a great friend to Mr. Belfield; you have forwarded matters ſurpriſingly.

VIOLETTA.

It is very ſurpriſing, truly, if I have.

PATERSON.

You ſeem greatly ſtagger'd at what I tell you; I ſee you are no ſtranger to the principles upon which young ladies frequently act in this country: I believe, Madam, in England, as many, or more, matches are made from pique, than for love; and, to ſay the truth, I take this of Miſs Dove's to be one of that ſort. There is a certain perſon, you know, who will feel upon this occaſion.

VIOLETTA.

Yes; I well know there is a certain perſon, who will feel upon this occaſion; but, are the ſufferings of that unhappy one to be converted into raillery and amuſement?

PATERSON.

Oh! Madam! the ladies will tell you, that therein conſiſts the very luxury of revenge.——But, I beſeech you, have the goodneſs to make haſte; my friend, Mr. Belfield, may ſtand in need of your ſupport.

VIOLETTA.

Thus inſulted I can contain myſelf no longer! Upon what infernal ſhore am I caſt! into what ſociety of dæmons am I fall'n! that a woman, whom, by an act of honour, I wou'd have redeem'd from miſery and ruin, ſhou'd have the inſolence, the inhumanity, to invite me to be a ſpectatreſs of her marriage with my own huſband!

PATERSON.

With your huſband! What do I hear? Is Mr. Andrew Belfield your huſband?

VIOLETTA.

Ay; do you doubt it? Wou'd I cou'd ſay he was not.

PATERSON.

Juſt Heaven! you then are the Violetta, you are the Portugueſe lady, I have heard ſo much of, and married to Mr. Belfield; baſe and perfidious!—Why, Madam, both Miſs Dove and myſelf conceiv'd that 'twas the young adventurer with whom you ſuffer'd ſhipwreck, that——

VIOLETTA.

What! Lewſon, the brave, generous, honourable, Lewſon?

PATERSON.

Lewſon! Lewſon! as ſure as can be you mean young Belfield; for, now the recollection ſtrikes me, that I've heard he took that name before he quitted England. That Lewſon, Madam, whom we believ'd you married to, is Robert Belfield, and younger brother to your huſband.

VIOLETTA.

Mercy defend me! into what diſtreſs had this mutual miſtake nearly involv'd us?

PATERSON.

Come, then, Madam, let us loſe no time, but fly with all diſpatch to Cropley-caſtle; I have a poſt-chaiſe waiting, which will convey us thither in a few minutes: but, before we go, I'll ſtep in and direct theſe good people to find young Belfield, and ſend him after us.—Old Ironſides and all muſt be there.

SCENE VI.

VIOLETTA *alone.*

Let me reflect upon my fate!——Wedded, betray'd, abandon'd! at once a widow and a wife. All that my ſoul held dear in the ſame hour obtain'd and loſt! O falſe, falſe, Belfield! Strong indeed muſt be that paſſion, and deeply ſeated in my heart, which even thy treachery cou'd not eradicate! Twice ſhipwreck'd, twice reſcu'd from the jaws of Death; juſt Heaven! I do not, dare not, murmur, nor can I doubt but that thy hand inviſibly is ſtretch'd forth to ſave me, and thro' this labyrinth of ſorrow to conduct me to repoſe.

Enters PATERSON.

PATERSON.

Now, Madam, if you'll truſt yourſelf to my convoy, I'll bring you into harbour, where you ſhall never ſuffer ſhipwreck more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE'S *House.*

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE, LADY DOVE.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Upon theſe terms and ſtipulations, Lady Dove, I conſent to your remaining at Cropley-caſtle. Enjoy your own prerogative, and leave me in poſſeſſion of mine; above all things, my dear, I muſt inſiſt that Mr. Paterſon be henceforward conſider'd as my friend and companion, not your ladyſhip's.

LADY DOVE.

Nay, but indeed and indeed, my dear Sir Benjamin, this is being too hard with me, to debar me the common gratifications of every woman of diſtinction: Mr. Paterſon, you know, is my very particular friend.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

'Tis for his being ſo very particular, my dear, that I object to him.

LADY DOVE.

Friendſhip, Sir Benjamin, is the virtuous recreation of delicate and ſuſceptible minds; wou'd you envy me that innocent pleaſure? Why, you know, my deareſt, that your paſſion for me, which was once ſo violent, is now ſoften'd and ſubſided into mere friendſhip.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

True, my dear; and, therefore, I am afraid, leſt my love having, by eaſy degrees, ſlacken'd into friendſhip, his friendſhip ſhould, by as natural a tranſition, quicken into love; ſay no more, therefore, upon this point, but leave me to Mr. Paterſon and Mr. Paterſon to me;—go,—ſend Sophia to me;—oh here ſhe comes: your ladyſhip need not be preſent at our conference; I think my own daughter ſurely appertains to my province, and not yours. Good morning to you. [*Exit* Lady Dove.

SCENE VIII.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE, SOPHIA.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, daughter, are you prepar'd to comply with my desires, and give your hand to Andrew Belfield this morning?

SOPHIA.

Sir?—

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

My heart is fixt upon this event; I have watch'd late and early to bring it to bear; and you'll find, my child, when you come to peruse your marriage-settlement, how tenderly I have consulted your happiness in this match.

SOPHIA.

Alas! I should never think of searching for happiness amongst deeds and conveyances; 'tis the man, and not his money, that is likely to determine my lot.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, and is not Mr. Belfield a man? a fine man, as I take it, he is, and a fine estate I'm sure he has got; then it lies so handy and contiguous to my own; only a hedge betwixt us; think of that, Sophy, only a hedge that parts his manor from mine; then consider, likewise, how this alliance will accommodate matters in the borough of Knavestown, where I and my family have stood three contested elections with his, and lost two of them; that sport will now be at an end, and our interests will be consolidated, by this match, as well as our estates.

SOPHIA.

Still you mistake my meaning; I talk of the qualities of a man, you of his possessions; I require, in a husband, good morals, good nature, and good sense; what has all this to do with contiguous estates, connected interests, and contested elections?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

I don't rightly understand what you would have, child; but this I well know, that, if money alone will not make a woman happy, 'twill always purchase that that will. I hope, Sophy, you've done thinking of that rambling, idle, young fellow, Bob Belfield.

SOPHIA.

Periſh all thought of him for ever! nothing can be more contrary, more impoſſible in nature, than my union with young Belfield: age, uglineſs, ill-nature, bring any thing to my arms, rather than him!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

But why ſo angry with him, child? this violent deteſtation and abhorrence is as favourable a ſymptom as any reaſonable lover cou'd wiſh for.

SCENE IX.

Enters PATERSON.

PATERSON.

Joy to you, Sir Benjamin! all joy attend you both! the bridegroom by this time is arriv'd; we ſaw his equipage enter the avenue as ours drove into the court.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Mr. Paterſon, Sir, I know not if yet your friend is to be a bridegroom; I find my daughter here ſo cold and uncomplying; for my own part, I don't know how I ſhall look Mr. Belfield in the face.

PATERSON.

Fear nothing, Sir Benjamin: make haſte and receive your ſon-in-law, I have news to communicate to Miſs Dove, which I am confident will diſpoſe her to comply with your wiſhes.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, Sir, I ſhall leave her to your tutorage; this obliging gentleman undertakes not only for my wife, but my daughter too. [*Exit.*

SOPHIA.

I am ſurpriſed, Mr. Paterſon——

PATERSON.

Hold, madam, for one moment: I have made a diſcovery of the laſt importance to your welfare: you are in an error with regard to young Belfield—Violetta, the lady you believed him married to, is here in the houſe; I have brought her hither at your requeſt, and from her I learn that 'tis his elder brother is her huſband; he, who, this very morning, but for my diſcovery, had been yours alſo!

SOPHIA.

What's this you tell me, Sir? where is this lady? where is Violetta? where is young Belfield?

PATERSON.

Violetta, Madam, I have put under ſafe convoy, and by this time your waiting-woman has lodg'd her privately in the cloſet of your bed-chamber; there you will find her, and learn the whole proceſs of this providential eſcape. I'll only ſpeak a word to Sir Benjamin, and come to you without any further delay. [*Exit Sophia.*

SCENE X.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN DOVE *and* BELFIELD SENIOR.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Well, Mr. Paterſon, what ſays my daughter?

PATERSON.

Every thing that becomes an obedient daughter to ſay; ſo that, if this gentleman is not made completly happy within this hour, the fault will lie at his door, and not with Miſs Sophia.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

This is good news, Paterſon; but I am impatient to have the ceremony concluded; the bells are ringing, the parſon is waiting, and the equipages are at the door: ſtep up to Sophia, and tell her to haſten; and hark'e, my friend, as you go by Lady Dove's door, give her a call, do you mind me, only a call at the door: don't you go in; ſhe's buſy at work upon a large parcel of ribbands, which I've given her to make into wedding-favours; ſhe'll be very angry if you go into her chamber. Go, go, get you gone. [*Exit Paterſon.*

BELFIELD SENIOR.

How comes it to paſs, Sir Benjamin, that Mr. Paterſon is become ſo neceſſary an agent in the female affairs of your family? I confeſs to you my pride is wounded, when I find I am to thank him for your daughter's conſent to marry me. The man that can prevail upon a woman to act againſt her liking, what may he not perſuade her to do with it?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Your remark is juſt; Paterſon has certainly ſome ſecret

faculty of perſuaſion; and all that can be ſaid is, that 'tis better to ſee your danger before marriage, than to be feeling it out, as I have done, afterwards.

SCENE XI.

Enter CAPTAIN IRONSIDES *and* BELFIELD JUNIOR.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

What, old acquaintance, are you come to rejoice with me on this occaſion?—Bob Belfield too as I live; you are both heartily welcome.——(I could have ſpar'd their viſit notwithſtanding!) [*Aſide.*]

BELFIELD SENIOR.

My brother here; vexation!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Sir Benjamin, I come now to claim your promiſe of one hour's converſation with your daughter.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

The devil you do!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Ridiculous!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

To you, Sir, obligations of this ſort may be matter of ridicule; but, while I religiouſly obſerve all promiſes I make to others, I ſhall expect others to be as obſervant of thoſe they make to me.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Sir, I have a moſt profound veneration for your principles, and am happy to find your underſtanding ſo much cultivated by travel; but, in ſpite of your addreſs, you will find it rather difficult to induce me to wave my right in Miſs Dove in favour of a profeſt adventurer.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Shameleſs, unfeeling, man! an adventurer do you call me? You, whoſe unbrotherly perſecution drove me to this hazardous, this humiliating occupation?

IRONSIDES.

Sirrah! Bob! no reflections upon privateering; it has lin'd your pockets well, you young rogue; and you may tell your fine brother there that we have landed treaſure enough upon his eſtate to buy the fee-ſimple of it; ay, and for what I know, of Sir Wiſeacre's here into the bargain.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

What's that you ſay, Captain Ironſides? Let's have a word in a corner with you.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Look'e, Sir, if you conceive yourſelf wrong'd by me, there is but one way.—You know your remedy.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I know your meaning, brother; and, to demonſtrate how much greater my courage is than yours, I muſt confeſs to you I dare not accept your propoſal.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

No, no, I've given him enough of that, I believe.

IRONSIDES.

Bob Belfield, if I did not know thee for a lad of mettle, I ſhou'dn't tell what to make of all this: for my own part, I underſtand none of your ſcruples and refinements, not I; a man is a man; and, if I take care to give an affront to no man, I think I have a right to take an affront from no man.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Come, gentlemen, ſuſpend your diſpute; here comes my daughter, let her decide between you.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Let me receive my ſentence from her lips, and I will ſubmit to it.

Enter SOPHIA, PATERSON, *and* LADY DOVE.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Here's a young gentleman, daughter, that will take no denial; he comes to forbid the banns juſt when you are both going into the church to be married.

SOPHIA.

Upon my word this is ſomething extraordinary. What are the gentleman's reaſons for this behaviour?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

He claims a ſort of promiſe from me that he ſhou'd be indulged in an hour's converſation with you, before you give your hand to his brother.

SOPHIA.

An hour's converſation! What little that gentleman can have to ſay to me, I believe, may be ſaid in a very few minutes.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

I think, brother, this converſation don't promiſe a great deal.

SOPHIA.

In the firſt place, then, I own, to this gentleman and the company preſent, that there was a time, when I entertain'd the higheſt opinion of his merit. Nay, I will not ſcruple to confeſs that I had conceiv'd a regard for him of the tendereſt ſort.

IRONSIDES.

And, pray, young lady, how came my nephew to forfeit your good opinion?

SOPHIA.

By a conduct, Sir, that muſt for ever forfeit not my eſteem only, but yours and all mankind's: I am ſorry to be his accuſer, but I will appeal to you, Mr. Belfield, who are his brother, whether it is reconcilable either to honour or humanity to proſecute an affair of marriage with one woman, when you are previouſly and indiſpenſibly engaged to another?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Humph!

SOPHIA.

Yet this, Sir, is the treatment I have receiv'd: judge, therefore, if I can deſire or conſent to have any long converſation with a gentleman, who is under ſuch engagements! nay, whom I can prove actually married to another woman in this very houſe, and ready to vouch the truth of what I aſſert. Judge for me, Mr. Belfield; cou'd you believe any man capable of ſuch complicated, ſuch inconceivable villany?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Heaven's! This touches me too cloſely!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Sir, I wou'd fain know what excuſe you can have for this behaviour; I can tell you, Sir, I don't underſtand it.

LADY DOVE.

Oh! fie! fie upon you, Mr. Belfield! I wonder you are not aſham'd to ſhew your face in this family.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Who deſired you to put in your oar?

IRONSIDES.

Why, ſirrah, wou'd not one wife content you? 'tis enough in all reaſon for one man; is it not, Sir Benjamin?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Sir, when it is prov'd I am married, accuſe me.

IRONSIDES.

Look'e Bob, I don't accuſe you for marrying, 'twas an indiſcretion and I can forgive it; but to deny it, is a meanneſs, and I abhor it.

SOPHIA.

Mr. Belfield, do you ſay nothing upon this occaſion?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Paterſon, I am ſtruck to the heart! I cannot ſupport my guilt! I am married to Violetta; ſave me the confuſion of relating it; this diſhonourable engagement for ever I renounce, nor will I reſt till I have made atonement to an injur'd wife! Madam, I beg leave to withdraw for a few minutes.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Hold, Sir, this contrivance is of your forging; you have touch'd me too near; and, now, if you dare draw your ſword, follow me!

SOPHIA.

Hold, gentlemen, you forget, the lady is now in the houſe; ſhe is a witneſs, that will effectually put an end to your diſpute: I will conduct her hither.

[*Exit.*

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

I agree to it.

IRONSIDES.

Hark'e nephew, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect you have been laying a train to blow yourſelf up: if once Bob comes fairly alongſide of you, you'll find your quarters too hot to hold you: I never yet found my boy out in a lye, and ſhan't tamely ſee a lye impos'd upon him; for, while he is honeſt and I have breath, he ſhall never want a friend to ſtand by him, or a father to protect him.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

Mr. Paterſon, explain my ſtory, I will depart this inſtant in ſearch of Violetta.

Enter SOPHIA, *and* VIOLETTA.

SOPHIA.

Stay! I conjure you; ſtay, turn, and look back upon this lady, before you go. [*Preſenting* Violetta.]

BELFIELD SENIOR.

My wife!

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Hey-day! here's a turn.

IRONSIDES.

I thought how 'twou'd be!

VIOLETTA.

Yes, Sir, your faithful, your forſaken wife!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

How ſhall I look upon you? What ſhall I ſay? Where ſhall I hide my confuſion? Oh! take me to your arms, and, in that ſoft ſhelter, lett me find forgiveneſs and protection!

VIOLETTA.

Be this your only puniſhment! and this!

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Was it then a ſiſter I preſerv'd from death?

BELFIELD SENIOR.

What's this I hear? O! brother, can you pardon too?

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

Be indeed a brother, and lett this providential event be the renovation of your friendſhip!

BELFIELD SENIOR.

What ſhall I ſay to you, Madam? [*To* Sophia.] Paterſon, you know my heart; bear witneſs to its remorſe. By Heav'n my ſecret reſolution was, inſtantly to have departed in ſearch of this my injur'd wife; but I'm not worthy even of your reſentment: here is one that merits and returns your love. [*Turning to his Brother.*

IRONSIDES.

Come, god-daughter, we can never ſay the fleet's fairly come to an anchor, while the admiral's ſhip is out at ſea. [*Preſenting* Belfield *junior.*] My nephew here is as honeſt a lad as lives, and loves you at the ſoul of him: give him your hand, and I'll broach the laſt cheſt

of dollars, to make him a fortune deſerving you. What ſay you, my old friend?

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

Here's my hand! I've ſpoke the word; ſhe's his own; Lady Dove, I won't hear a ſyllable to the contrary.

IRONSIDES.

Then, the galleon is thy own, boy!——What ſhou'd an old fellow like me do with money? Give me a warm night-cap, a tiff of punch, and an elbow-chair in your chimney-corner, and I'll lay up for the reſt of my days.

BELFIELD JUNIOR.

How ſhall I give utterance to my gratitude, or my love?

Enter GOODWIN, FANNY, FRANCIS, PHILIP, *and* LUCY.

SIR BENJAMIN DOVE.

So, ſo! more work for the parſon.

IRONSIDES.

What! Francis, haſt thou choſen a mate, and art bound upon a matrimonial cruize as well as thy maſter?

FRANCIS.

Ay, Sir; ſo he is happy as well as myſelf, and has no objection to my choice.

BELFIELD SENIOR.

What! Are you all aſſembled to overwhelm me with confuſion? Like ſome poor culprit, ſurrounded by a crowd of witneſſes, I ſtand convicted and appall'd. But all your wrongs ſhall be redreſs'd; your's Goodwin; Philip's; Lucy's: my whole life ſhall be employ'd in acts of juſtice and atonement. Virtue and this virtuous woman were my firſt ruling paſſions.

Now they reſume their ſocial ſoft controul,
And love and happineſs poſſeſs my ſoul!

FINIS.

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